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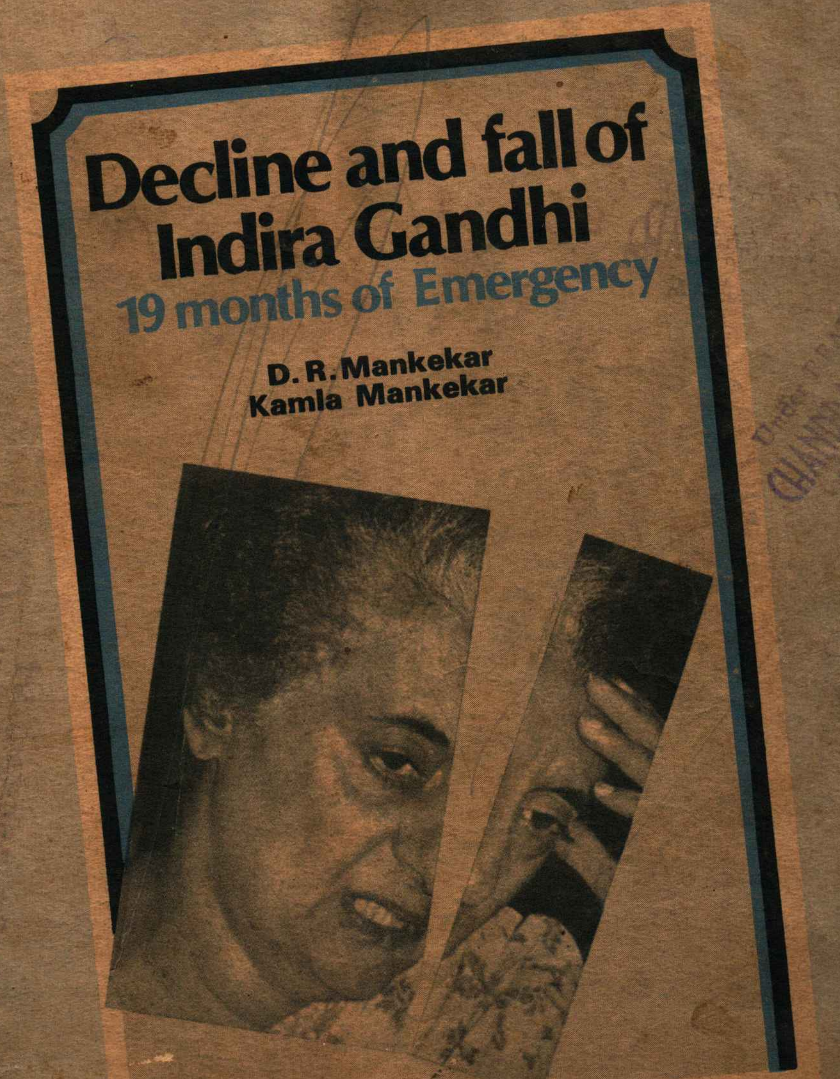

Decline and fall of Indira Gandhi

19 months of Emergency

D. R. Mankekar
Kamla Mankekar

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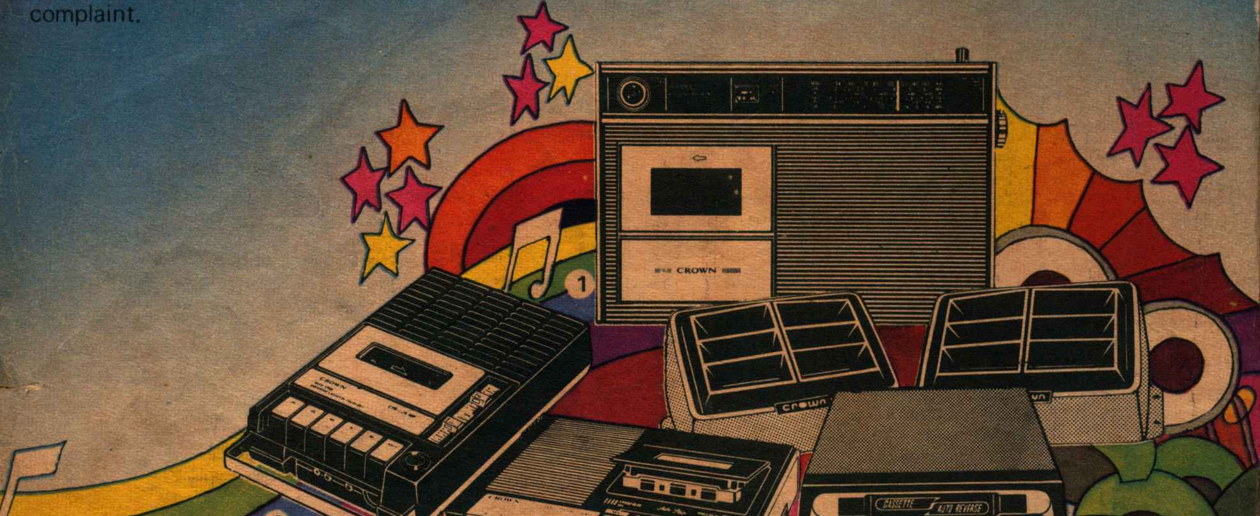

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MANAGING EDITOR

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on the marquee

WE ARE PUBLISHING IN THIS ISSUE the first seven chapters from "Decline and Fall of Indira Gandhi" by D.R. and Kamla Mankekar. Mankekar, familiar to readers of Imprint for his World War II reminiscences--he was a distinguished War Correspondent—is a Delhi-based journalist and author. His wife, Kamla Mankekar, is the author of several books. The Mankekar account of the 19 months of Emergency is well informed, and quite readable. The concluding nine chapters, in a slightly abridged form, will be published in our next issue.

* * *

There are half a dozen 'quickies' in print dealing with the Emergency. Having read them all, I have begun to wonder if a reasonably authentic, fairly detailed story of the dark years will ever be written. Politicians in India are notorious fictionalisers. Most of our journalists are indiscriminate lotus eaters. And Indira Gandhi and son may not talk for a long time to come. In a situation like this, it may become the responsibility of the Government to ensure that a full, accurate account of the years 1971-1977, the years of Mrs Indira Gandhi's primeministership, is written and made available to the Indian public.

* * *

Politicians, more than any other people, following other vocations, have to be men of conviction and integrity. They must believe in a political, economic and social philosophy. They must have faith and allegiance to the political party on whose back they ride to power.

It is difficult to believe that the professional politicians who are switching over to the Janata Party have much integrity, or faith. Of what use will be such men to the Janata Party? Are these not the same people who crawled before Mrs Gandhi and the Congress High Command? Are these not the people who helped consolidate Mrs Gandhi's powers?

The Janata Party can do itself only harm by admitting to its rank the discredited opportunists from the Congress Party. The Janata Party's attitude to the whole issue of defection is less than moral, less than honourable. What has happened to the anti-defection Bill the Janata Government had promised? Delay in introducing anti-defection legislation lends substance to the Congress Party charge that the Janata Party is out to destroy the Congress Party. I hold no brief for the Congress Party it should have been liquidated immediately after Independence in 1947 as Mahatma Gandhi had suggested – but in absence of any other meaningful Opposition, the country needs the Congress Party as the Opposition, strong and vigorous, as much as the country needs the Janata Party, strong and vigorous.

R.V. Pandit

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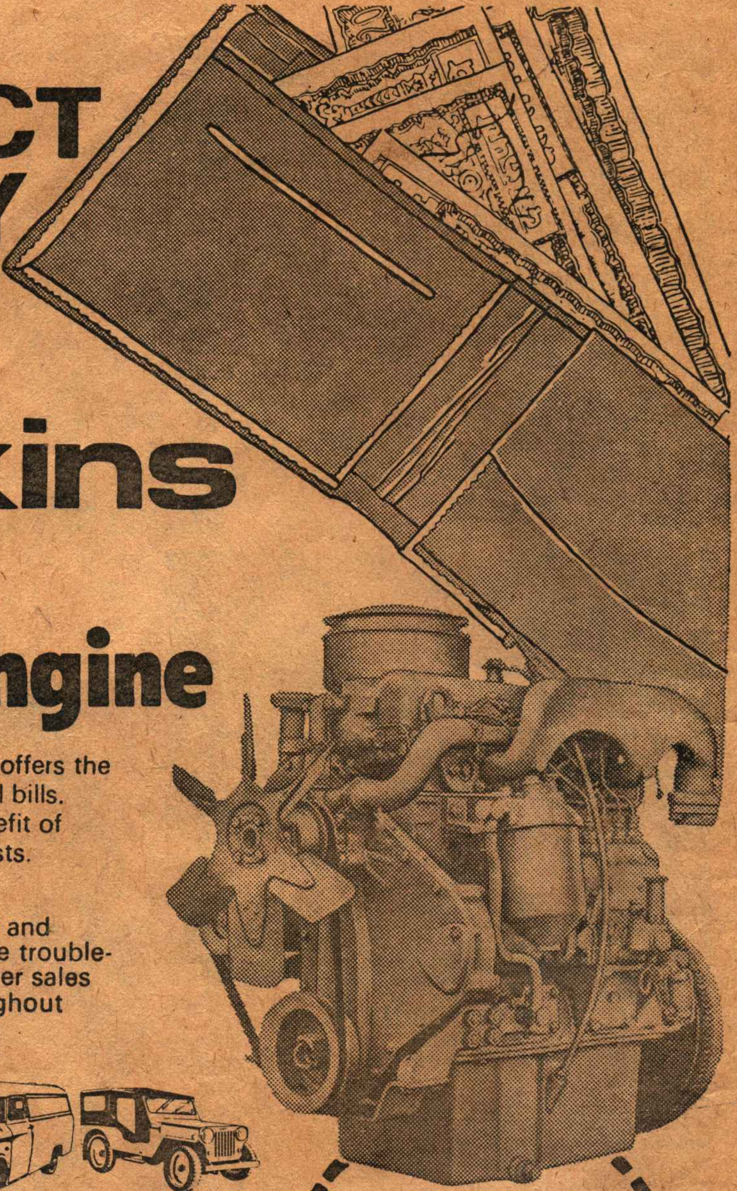

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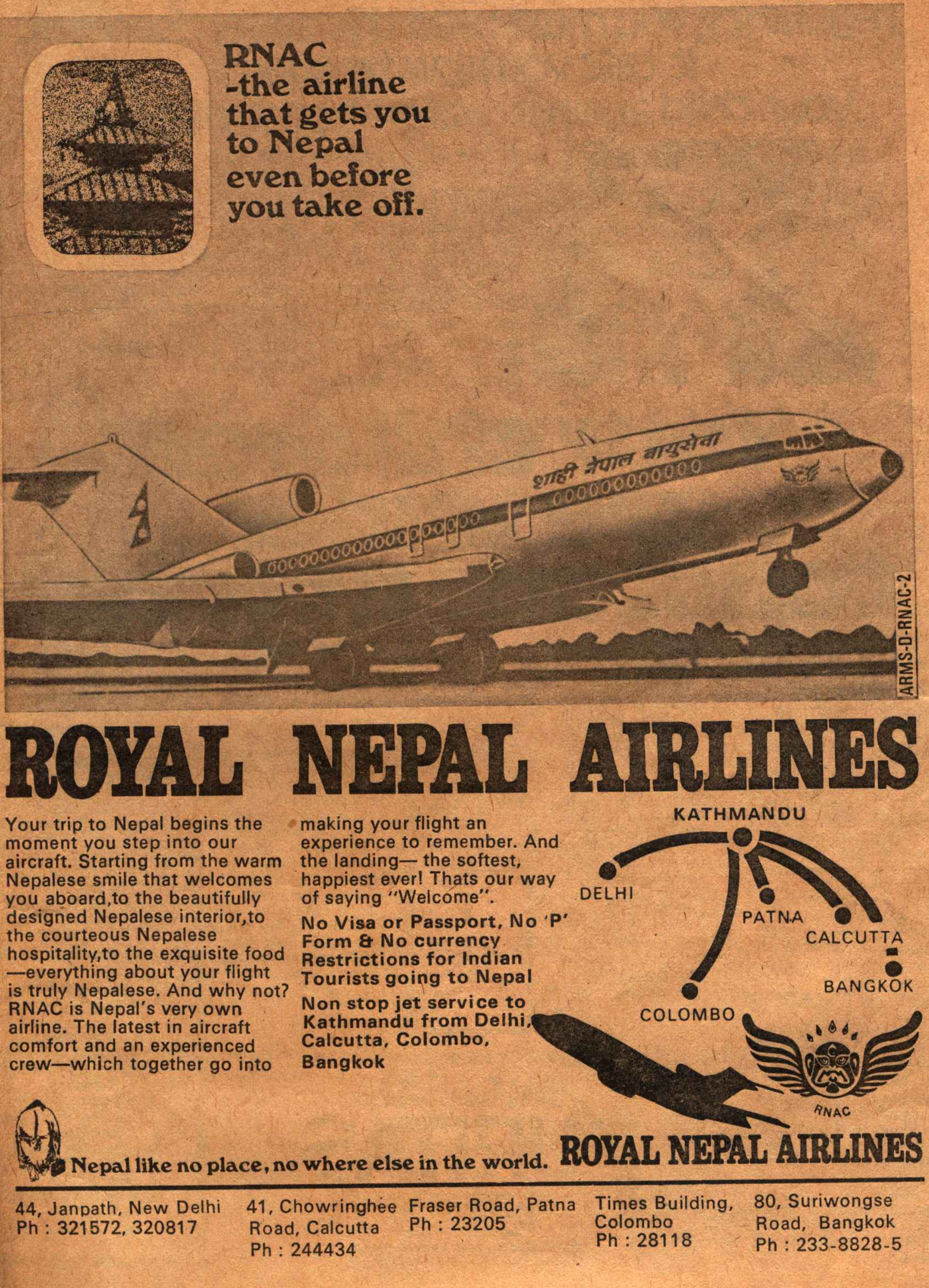

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If you have a child who falls ill with alarming regularity, you must read this advertisement. It tells you how to guard your child against water-borne diseases.

As a parent of a growing child, the first question that comes to mind is: 'How can it be humanly possible?'. How can a child be attacked by water-borne diseases, even after taking the trouble of boiling the drinking water. Yes, it does sound incredible. But sadly enough, it is true. Take for example, this extract from The Times of India dated May 4, 1977: **"Though no figures are available on infant deaths due to water-borne diseases, it is a well-known fact that children in the zero-to-five age-group form 17 per cent of the population, but they account for 40 per cent of the annual deaths."**

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It is scientifically established that boiling water is insufficient

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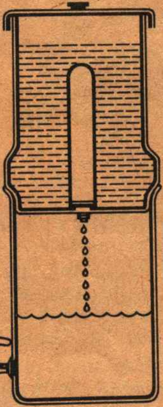

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Chandigarh reflects the well-being of at least three States–Punjab, Haryana and Himachal Pradesh. It is modern India's show-window to the world. And yet there are some who feel that it is "a city without a soul".

CHANDIGARH

By Dinesh Kumar

Photographs by Ram Panjabi

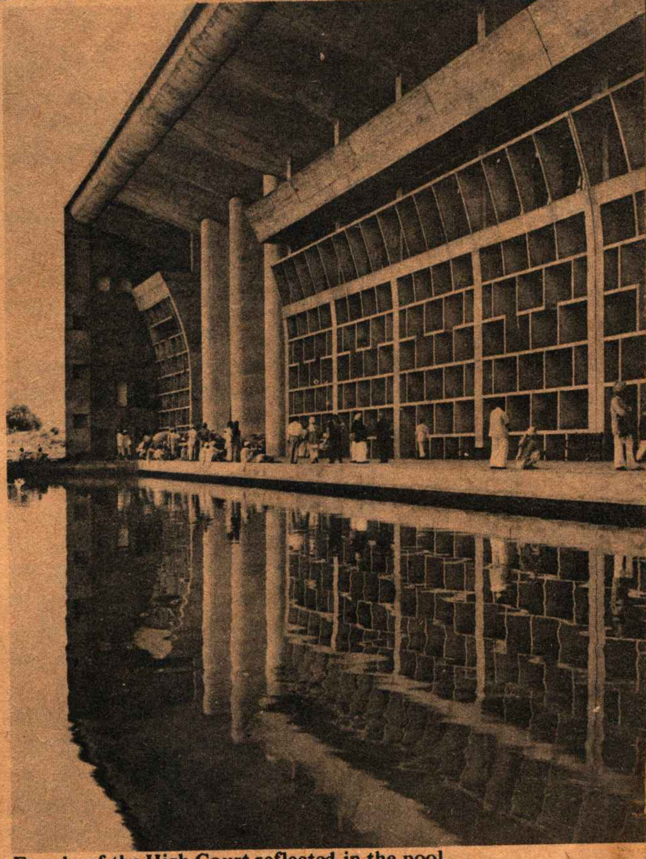
TAKE Calcutta for instance. Negate it. What do we get?

Chandigarh surely.

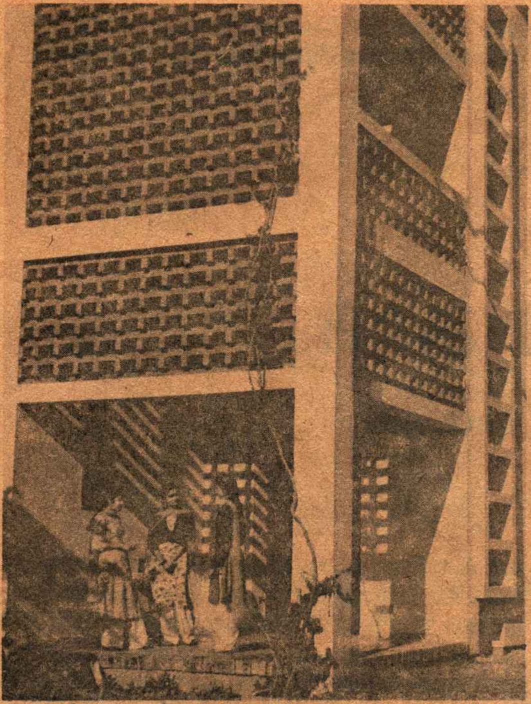
Here is a city which makes on the senses an impact opposite to that which congestion, crowds and dirt creates. Here is a city where one lets the sense of freedom seep into the whole body, where one allows the mind to wander free, stretch the limbs and occupy as much space in the process. There are lots of open spaces, and parks in the city, and the architecture too is spacious, wide. Chandigarh is thus unlike any city of India, mainly because it has been planned right from its inception whereas most of the other cities have grown in a chaotic manner. Apart from providing good, open living space to everyone, good planning is obvious all over Chandigarh. Take a walk and in all probability you will not see any of the sights which appalled the potential Buddha.

Chandigarh stands in sharp contrast with its surroundings–in particular the industrial complex of the Punjab–which are miniature Calcuttas. My little niece who has been brought up in Chandigarh stares at the open drains of Ludhiana curiously whenever she goes there.

When a city grows unplanned, open drains and all sorts of filth is possible. The Chandigarh drains and most electric wires are underground which are little blessings. The difference between a planned and an unplanned city, apart from this, is that the occasional town grows in a system of concentric rings with the main and initial industry in the centre. Even in the rings miscellaneous industry mushrooms so that residents are not free from noise, smog and other necessary evils. The planned city on the other hand, defines an axis of growth and the industry is well off the residential quarters. On one end of Chandigarh is the Industrial Area; move along an axis



Facade of the High Court reflected in the pool.



Part of a house for senior civil servants in Sector 10.

East-West and we reach the Punjab University on the other end. In between are all sorts of residences. On the north are government buildings called the Capitol and the south of the city keeps growing. The directions I give are not accurate but will explain the planning conveniently.

The whole of Chandigarh is divided into sectors–an idea of Alvert Meyer, who drew the first master plan of the city, with Mathew Nowicki. Each Sector is a rectangle measuring 800 m by 1200 m and the city is described by a rectangular grid of sectors. If you fly over Chandigarh you will probably see a rectangular mesh, straight roads measuring out the sectors. Nowicki died in an air-crash, and other architects were engaged: the famed Le Corbusier, his cousin Pierre Jeanneret, Maxwell Fry and his wife Jane Drew. Most of the buildings have been designed by them and Indian talent–M.N. Sharma, J.K. Chowdhary, Jeet Malhotra and B.P. Mathur–all imaginative people.

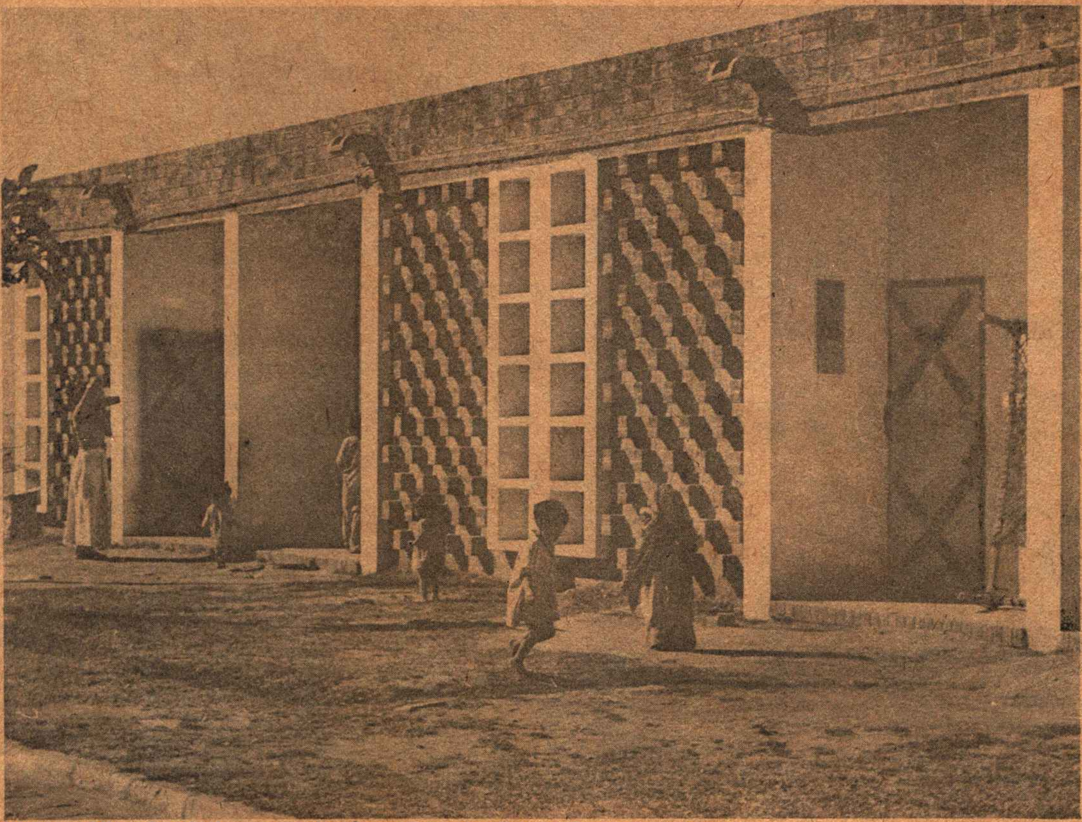
In numbering the sectors an amusing thing has happened. There is no Sector 13 here, ascribed by some to the bad influence of the number. But if you add up the numbers of two adjoining sectors North-South you will get an innocent sum that is a multiple of 13. Start from Sector 3, and going south you will pass through Sectors 10, 16, 23, in succession. Sector 14 has 12 on one side, 25 on the other, and so on.

Come to the sector itself. It is a small town with a market and a crop of faithful barbers, grocers, photographers. There is a club, a dispensary and an educational institution. Entrance to a sector is from only four openings. Inside the sectors the traffic is slow, the houses are way off from the traffic, and no house-door opens out directly into any road. Near every row of houses a large ground is left vacant for the children to play and for marriage parties. From all the houses the view of the sunrise and sunset, and of the hills, is unobstructed.

The hills are the Shivalik range in the north. They are of a cool blue colour and provide a striking backdrop to the city. Even without it, Chandigarh maintains a closeness with nature as no city does. Trees have been planted in abundance, beside the parks. I quote from Le Corbusier, "the sun, space and verdure are the ancient influences which have fashioned our body and our spirit. Isolated from their natural environment, all organisms perish."

Landscaping has been helped by the high fertility. In fact there was some difficulty in removing the villagers who earlier occupied the place and were raising bumper crops. Mr. M.S. Randhawa, former Chief Commissioner, has virtually brought Nature to the doorstep of the people of Chandigarh. Inside the sectors he has planted flowering trees which keep the city decked in colour; on highways he uses light foliage to permit light, and evergreen trees to save sweeping.

In accordance with the colourful trees, the people are equally so. Everyone seems to be so congruous with the plantations and the orderly city. I am struck by the number of beautiful girls who are present at any cinema show, or simply shopping in the market. In the mornings I go from Madhya Marg, the most interesting road of Chandigarh. It has the major institutions along it. Starting from the University, there is a medicine institute, the govt. colleges for men and ladies, a Home Science complex, a Polytechnic, the DAV boys' college. If you go further inside, the list grows longer. As I walk to work I see the Marg flowing with students. The men are strong and muscular, and the girls are stunning. There is none of the sophistication of Delhi girls, nor are they the personification of



Blocks of flats for the lowest grade of government servants—sweepers, peons, etc.

rural simplicity. Incidentally, they are also the most self-conscious girls I have ever seen anywhere in India. Freaks come along the Marg at random intervals, but it is easy to forgive them.

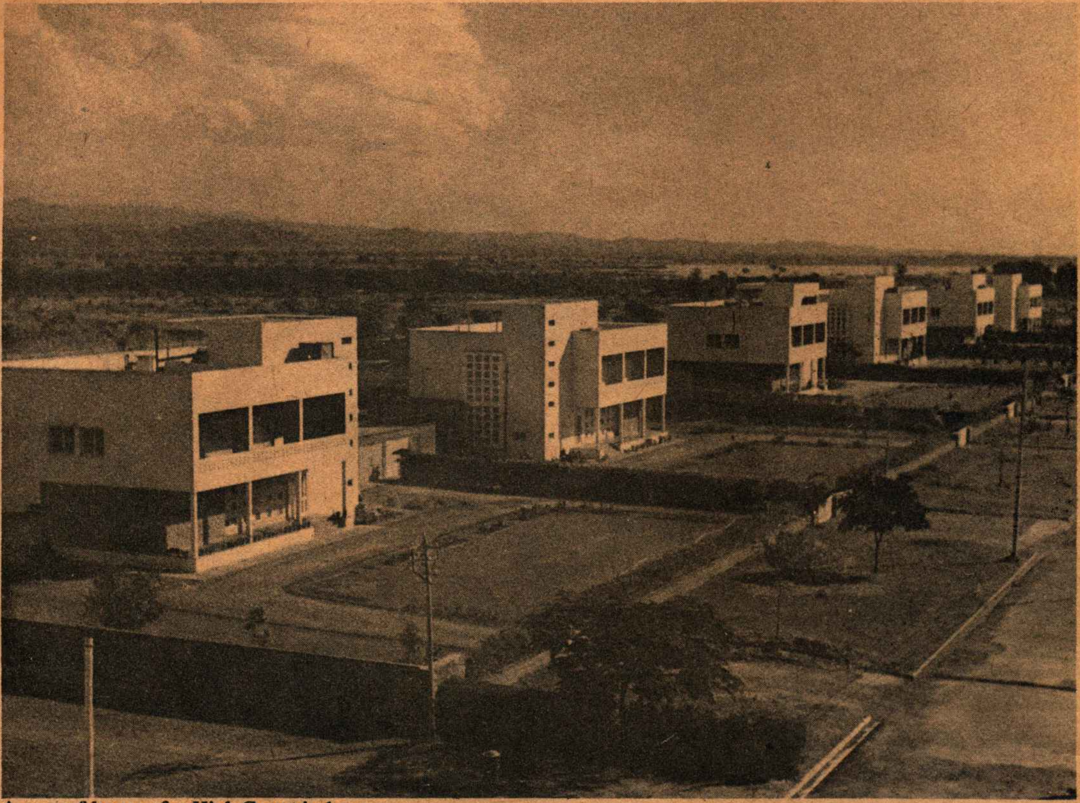
The stream of people, I find, is not of Punjabis alone. There is a little of everything, people from all over the country and quite a number from overseas. The different groups form communities among themselves, have football matches and cultural get-togethers and arrange a cinema show of their language in the mornings.

Take a walk in Sector 9 in the morning. Amidst the blossoms and the golden sun, girls in blue skirts cycle to their Carmel Convent School, which has a huge tree at the gate reminding one of the education of old among peepul trees. This school, and St. John's in Sector 26 have the most well-maintained gardens among such institutions.

In Sector 14, the University, poplars form the avenues. In autumn they flame towards the sky, and in summers they provide good shade. In other sectors cassias have been planted, some highways have bougainvillaea lining the middle. Apart from these, parks are not scarce in the localities. Notably, there is a Rose Garden in Sector 16 which is probably the biggest in the world; a Youth forest; Leisure Valley. . .

This, and the architecture of the city, is what makes Chandigarh our show-window to the world. Others have described it as a symposium of architecture and town planning, a princess in prison, a poem in form, and an expression of free India. Either way we see it, Chandigarh is a 'modern' city. I mean like the ones Flash Gordon occasionally lands into. Of course domes are missing here but the magnificent structures seem to me innovations in form.

Though in building a new city, new ideas were necessary, yet I doubt anybody dreamed of innovation in such dimension. Initially the city was planned to house the lakhs of refugees from Pakistan in the holocaust of freedom. Now Chandigarh has grown greatly, a city essential for the expression of free and prospering India. Pakistan has Islamabad built by the architect-engineer Constantinos A. Dioxiadis. I am not sure which country is following which, but I



A row of houses for High Court judges.

wish such a competition would exist instead of the race for nuclear bombs. If the two cities were built without a sense of competition, the two countries can still build something new, and try to outbeat each other in the race. The plans of Islamabad and Chandigarh are identical in many respects. As with our sectors, Islamabad has communities which extend from the base.

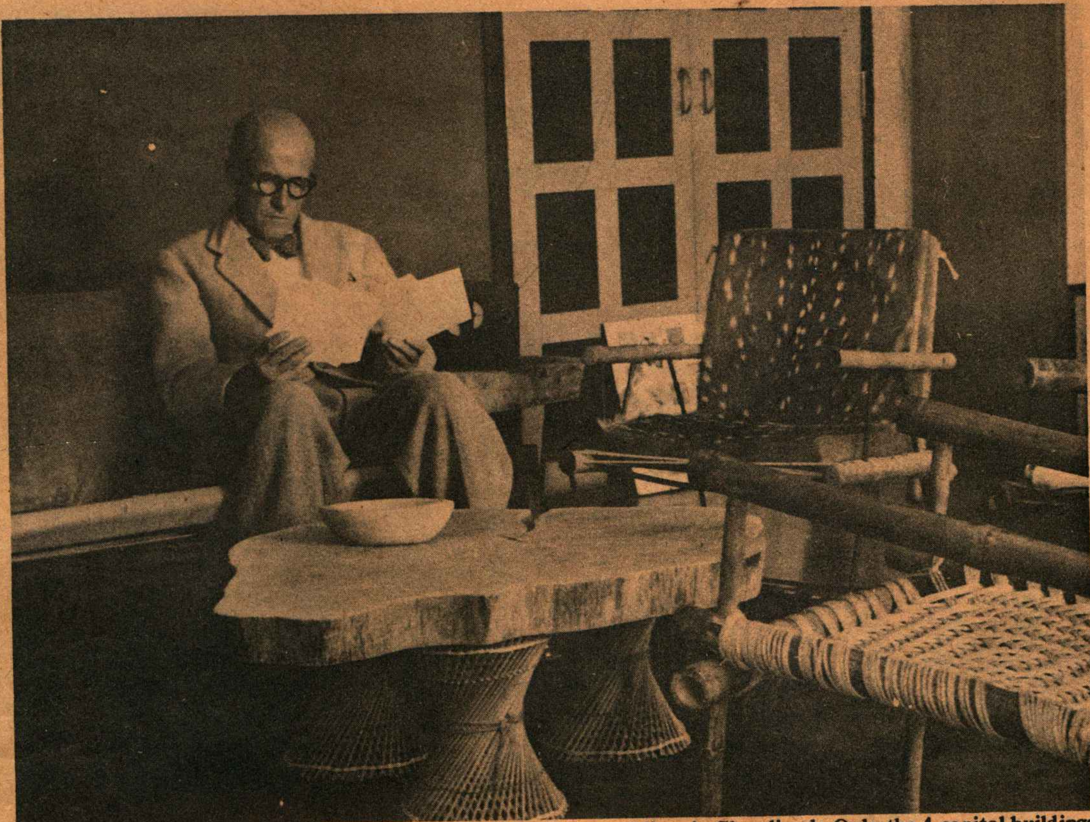
Chandigarh is happily peaceful for the spacing of traffic and industry from the sectors. At ten in the night the sectors are deserted; night life is particularly dull. Students complain of it for to them entertainment is just the cinema. There are five theatres here, a sixth being constructed.

If one is able to do without much entertainment, Chandigarh is not altogether a dull place. I have mentioned the various parks: in addition we can spend a nice evening at the Sukhna Lake at one corner. Every evening there is a regular crowd, on Sundays a throng. Boats are available, and the walk around it is very pleasing—three miles long and twenty-four metres wide without a single vehicle on it and without commercial notices. "The curve is ruinous," says Le Corbusier, but the lake is a good deal curved. The other favourite place is the Rose Garden which has a fountain and occasionally a band.

Opposite this Garden is the 'Leisure Valley' which is everything its name implies, a place which I prefer for its peace. It connects urbanites to the blue hills of the Shivaliks.

For all this, surprisingly few people go for walks. When I walk to work in the mornings, all I see is a stream of cycles and scooters; in the evenings they board their vehicles and reach one of the gardens, more to "see" it than for serious walks. Unfortunately, to discourage suicides at the lake and elsewhere, the administration is suspicious of night wanderers and the lake becomes deserted and the poets expelled.

APART from the gardens, the architecture of the city is marvellous. The Capitol at the top of the city is the seat of the government. This consists of the Secretariat, High Court, the Assembly and Governor's House. No buildings are to be placed to its north. The complex is of



Jeanneret, cousin of Le Corbusier, who designed many of the buildings in Chandigarh. Only the 4 capitol buildings were designed personally by Le Corbusier.

Le Corbusier alone and a sculpture of the Open Hand is also planned, which is the symbol of the city: "Open to give, open to receive".

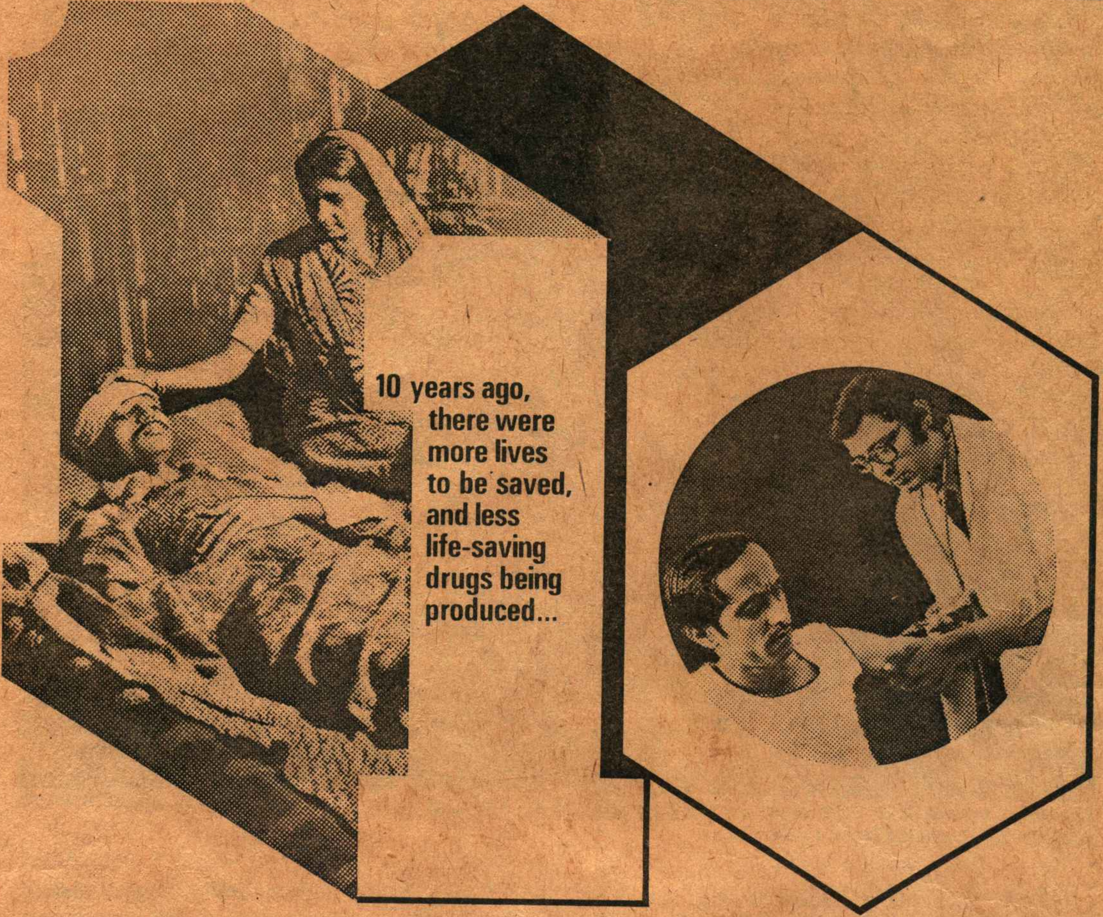
I visit the Secretariat. Placed north to south, it does not obstruct the view of the hills. It was completed in 1958 and is one of the longest bureaucracies in the world: it is 800 feet long and receives everyday over 4000 employees. The roof has its own garden and the walk facing the mountains is beautiful.

Housing also fits in. Low cost housing is well illustrated here. The peons and sweepers get one room each which is satisfactory from the architect's view but the way some of them live is disheartening. One-room houses ignore man's inherent way of life–to save, to collect and become untidy. Some houses I found were bad living spaces but nothing can be done about it; the administration can only provide living space and can hardly impose any rules of living. For these houses too little open space is provided for the children to play, for sleep in the summers and to arrange miscellaneous functions.

Bigger houses are in better shape, mainly because of economic stability. Lawns are well-maintained wherever there is space and I am pleased to note some people plant even the outsides of their lawns with grass and flowers.

And what of the slums? In Sector 25 and 26 exist the labour colonies. From a distance they look very rustic and romantic and the mud huts and thatch roofs stand out in a city mainly built of cement. From the inside they are quite bad, but are far better than the slums of our big cities. During the rains their condition is worse. I find social service workers are quite active and the slums keep improving. At times I have seen missionaries working there: Mother Teresa's sisters of charity, and also educational institutions which periodically send their teams.

Chandigarh is an unfortunate city in three respects. One is that without strict control by the administration, there is no saying what its people will do to the city. For example, some people had begun setting up small businesses in garages–and this varied from printing presses to



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'miracle' Colleges. The trend was arrested during the emergency. In the Sectors 15 and 22 overcrowding has begun to show its head, largely because of the development of industry in Mohali (almost the suburb of Chandigarh) and there has been a large population increase. Some people have complained of low water-pressure during the summers.

Besides this, a lot of banias manage retail stores in all the markets and push out their wares on the verandas, disturbing the movement of shoppers. Small businesses–*Chat wallas,* vegetable vendors and other *rehris*–have been totally indifferent to their surroundings. Things improved because of firm administration. But if things change, Chandigarh will deteriorate like all our other cities.

For a city which offers such poetic form in everyday life and which has all sorts of economic classes of people, intellectual life is surprisingly dull. One notices a distinct calibre of talk in Calcutta, or in Delhi, but in Chandigarh the talk consists mainly of nothings. Among the students there are but a few young intellectuals. The elders are uninspiring. In letters columns of national magazines Chandigarh figures occasionally and in research or literary magazines not at all.

The radio offers only a commercial service of the *Vividh Bharati* without any talks, discussions or features. Sometimes there is a quiz in which unprofitable questions on films and associated products are asked. Only one good paper is published here, *The Tribune.* Its letters column serves as an unofficial complaint book of the city people.

The neatness of Chandigarh, however, has resulted in a little welcome madness. Opposite the Govt. Girls College, I used to see a boy sweeping the road with his own hands and arranging the refuse in small piles. He had books under his arms and was there about lunch time. Lately I have not seen him there. Another person comes to my house early in the morning and transfers the newspaper from the lawn to under the door and goes away closing the gate after him. I have not understood him. . . . And there is another man who walks with his eyes closed. I presume every city has its own eccentrics but I am struck with the pattern of this madness: it all seems to have orderliness as a common base. I wonder whether it was Chandigarh which produced such eccentrics or are they the people who have a closeness with the city, almost affection? Whatever it is, they convince me that Chandigarh is not a "city without a soul" as some writer called it; it is a city with a soul that is in its residents. .

For modern India, Chandigarh is our show-window to the world. It reflects the sense of freedom and modernity as no other city. Yet for all its architecture and planning, India is visible in it and there is not a complete divorce from its surroundings. In their seasons, sugarcane and *sarson-ka-saag* come to the city through vendors on muddy bicycles. The administration has also planned *tandoors* in various parts of the city; one restaurant of the same name has opened in Sector 14. It would be possible, after their completion, to enjoy roasted chapatis and chickens and see them being done.

Chandigarh reflects the well-being of at least three states–Punjab, Haryana and Himachal Pradesh. I wish this were no cause to quibble for ownership, for Chandigarh also represents the well-being of the whole of India. True, it has its share of miserable people: beggars, labourers and such, for it is a city belonging to all of us and not only the élite. The maintenance of the city demands faith: and that is something I am sure all of us who live in Chandigarh have. Let us eliminate cynics and decide for ourselves what our city should be in the future. **END**

A PRAYER FOR WILD FLOWERS

Wild flowers grow best in out of the way places, in cool shady corners, beneath rocks, near hidden springs.

Help us to preserve and protect them, Lord. It will be a bleak, unfriendly sort of world if flowers are no longer able to grow wild and free on our earth.

The cowslip, the primrose, the meadowsweet, the buttercup, and thousands of others who don't care to be walled in or fussed over too much–who like the rain when it rains and the sun when it shines–now lie exposed to the passage of earth-movers and bulldozers, and to the trampling feet of more and more people moving out in all directions.

If I can help you to protect the flowers, Lord, I will gladly do so. I will pause in my walk and step aside rather than crush a periwinkle in the grass.

–Ruskin Bond

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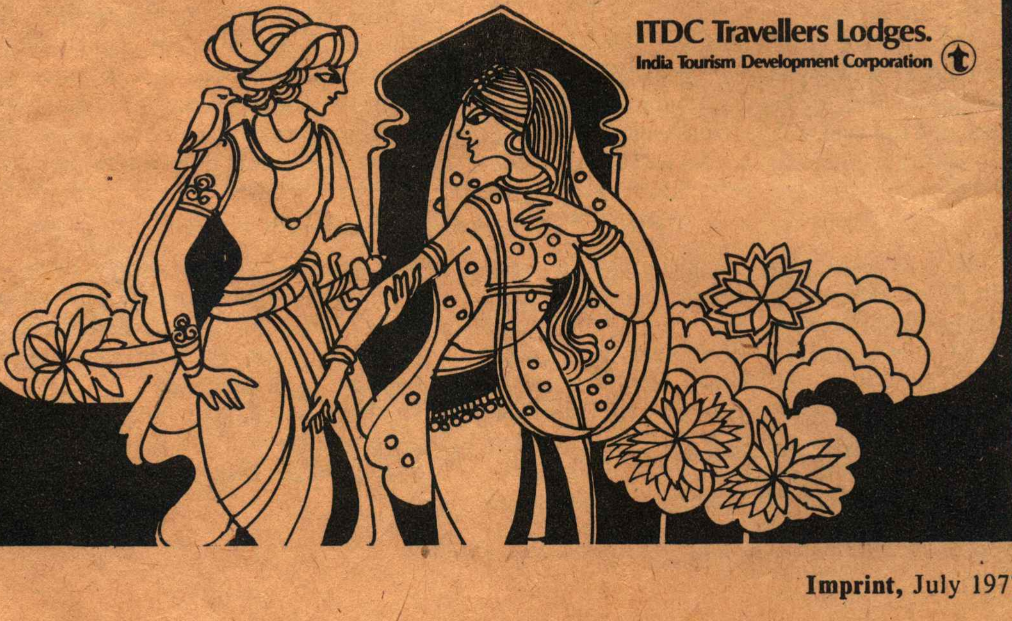

For two months following the declaration of Emergency, Nanaji Deshmukh was leading a network of 'underground' resistance. Here now is the dramatic account of his arrest. . .

THE STORY OF NANAJI'S ARREST

By One Who Knows

FIFTEEN MINUTES PAST 11 P.M. Wednesday, June 25, 1975. Place: a small office-cum-bedroom on the 6th floor of the Deendayal Research Institute on Rani Jhansi Road, New Delhi. Shankar picks up the receiver of the buzzing telephone. The call is for Nanaji Deshmukh from a mysterious source. Shankar is visibly shaken on hearing the message for his chief who has not yet reached his residence after attending the huge rally at the Ramlila Grounds addressed by Shri Jayaprakash Narayan, and others.

Police Tip

Fifteen minutes past midnight, June 26. Nanaji has reached his residence. He is busy packing a suitcase with a few clothes and some other bare essentials with the help of his assistant, Shankar. The telephone bell rings again. It is the same warning repeated. "You have less than half an hour to get away. The police will surround your place around one o'clock. Large scale arrests of Opposition leaders is imminent."

One o'clock. Place: Dr J. K. Jain's flat in the Vithalbhai Patel House. Dr Jain has been blessed with a son only a week earlier. The flat is rather crowded with near relations. After a chat with Dr Ragini, the baby's mother, who is like a daughter to him, Nanaji moves to another flat in the same building. "I have to go to the airport to see off JP at 5 a.m." Dr Jain says, "I'll accompany you." Obviously they are still unaware of the grimness of the situation.

JP's Slip

4 A.M., June 26. Nanaji comes out of the flat and goes downstairs to his car without picking up Dr Jain. On entering the lounge of Palam airport, he finds a large police force blocking the way to the lounge. He gets out of his car. A man in plain clothes draws close to him. "You are Nanaji Deshmukh, aren't you? The police must be looking for you elsewhere. A crackdown on the Opposition has begun. Get out of here instantly," says the unfamiliar friend, obviously an Intelligence man.

As Nanaji is getting back into his car, another man draws close to him. "JP has been arrested," he confides. It is JP's secretary, Sachiddanand. He slips a piece of paper into Nanaji's hand. It carries JP's message: "Go underground immediately. Organise Lok Sangharsh. As Secretary of the Lok Sangharsh Samiti, you have full powers."

Nanaji drives back. The plainclothes man is now standing in the airport doorway. "Perhaps he is there to take me, and my time is up," says Nanaji to himself. But the man bends over, only

By arrangement with the *Organiser*, New Delhi.

to repeat the warning.

Back at Dr Jain's flat, there are hurried consultations. Meanwhile, there is another phone call. It is a warning for Dr Jain too. Both come downstairs with their brief cases. Their cars are standing one behind the other. They prefer to use Nanaji's car as Dr Jain's belches smoke and is in the habit of going on a strike.

"Sudhir"

July 15, 3 P.M. Place: a tiny room in a house in Connaught Place. Among those present are Prof. Subramaniam Swamy, Shri Ram Prakash, former Deputy Chief Minister of UP, Dr J.K. Jain, Shri Dina Nath Mishra, Shri V.P. Bhatia, Shri Bhanu Pratap Shukla of 'Panchjanya,' Shri Mahesh Sharma, a Jana Sangh leader of Western UP. All are 'wanted' men. Presently a man with a slight build and curly moustache dressed in pants and shirt enters the room briskly. The mysterious man seems full of confidence. But the question of his identity puzzles some in the company. Others address him as 'Sudhir'. The mystery is solved in a couple of minutes. It is Nana Deshmukh in his underground garb, with his hair dyed jet black. He gives instructions, among other things, about the underground literature, its preparation and distribution.

The conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Dr Ragini Jain. She has brought the papers of a new car purchased for 'Sudhir', as the earlier one had to be abandoned because it was a marked one. The papers have been taken out in a fictitious name and address. 'Sudhir' gives Ragini a pat for this adventurous deed. The new saffron car is waiting at the door to take him out of Delhi to organise the underground set up.

Third week of August. A house in Civil Lines, Delhi. Nanaji is back after visiting a number of places in Rajasthan, Madhya Pradesh, UP and Bombay. The present company includes Prof. Subramanian Swamy, Dr J. Dubashi, Mahesh 'Dutta', V.P. Bhatia, Bhanu Pratap Shukla. They are soon joined by Shrimati Sundari Malkani and Shrimati Roxna Swamy. All the menfolk have some peculiarity about their dress and deportment. For example, Prof. Swamy has a month s growth of beard and looks like an angry young man angling for employment.

Shrimati Malkani relates the tragi-comic tale of raids on her house since the arrest of her husband. She relates half-laughingly but with a tinge of sadness the running dialogue between herself, her sister-in-law and her children on the one side and the raiding police parties on the other. They are frantically looking for some paper to implicate Malkani in some murder conspiracy and all they get is his brother, Prof. N.R. Malkani's old correspondence with Gandhi, Nehru and Patel!

"20 Lies"

THEN Nanaji gave some instructions about the type of underground literature to be brought out. His new slogan is "We shall take over the Government." Nanaji wants propaganda material to be brought out to popularise "Operation Takeover."

Soon after, he retires into another room to meet some underground leaders from UP. This place is considered safe because it is close to the office of the Inspector General of Police! He has met here a number of other underground leaders including Shri Kidar Nath Sahani, a former Mayor of Delhi.

Janamashtami day, August 29, 4 p.m. A house in Safdarjung Enclave, behind Kamal Cinema, New Delhi. Maharani Mohinder Kaur of Patiala has come out of the house with Mahesh Sharma alias Dutta. Two other persons waiting at some distance walk into the house. They are V.P. Bhatia alias Bhatnagar and Bhanu Pratap Shukla alias Ravi Shankar. Nanaji is waiting for them inside as per appointment. He tells them to prepare scripts of pamphlets containing morale-boosting material for different sections of society, especially students and the working class. He approves of the blue-print of a pamphlet entitled **"20 Lies of Mrs Gandhi"** prepared by Shri Bhatia. He wants it ready for distribution in a fortnight.

The two visitors warn Nanaji that the locality seems to be under close watch. As they had alighted from a scooter-rickshaw a few blocks away, they had noticed a man staring at them. But Nanaji is too engrossed in his mission to heed it. "I won't be able to do a thing if I worry for such things," he says. Meanwhile, 'Dutta' comes after seeing off the Maharani in a taxi. Nanaji asks 'Dutta' whether the arrangements for that evening's meeting with some leaders from Punjab are complete. "Dutta" says that the meeting will be held in another house in the same locality. 'Bhatnagar' and 'Ravi Shankar'

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leave Nanaji at 4.30 p.m.

Soon after, Nanaji leaves for a house in Green Park to meet the socialist leader, N. G. Goray. His host warns him that some person is shadowing him and is just then standing outside. This morning, Nanaji had to come away from South Extension without meeting the Congress-O Secretary Maharani Mohinder Kaur because a police car was waiting outside her residence.

No. B-3/26

At 7.30 P.M., two Jana Sangh leaders from Punjab, Krishan Lal Maini and Krishan Lal Sharma reach a street near Kamal Cinema in a taxi. They were to be accompanied by two Akali leaders, Sardar Surjit Singh Barnala and Sardar Balwant Singh. But the latter were stopped by Sardar Mohan Singh Tur, President of the Akali Dal, from going to Delhi on getting wind that the police net was closing in as the Punjab Government had decided to be tough with the Akalis. But the JS leaders could not be informed in time. So they had arrived.

Leaving the taxi at some distance, the two JS leaders from Punjab walk towards their destination looking at the numbers outside the houses. They see two persons standing near a house. They ask them about house No. B-3/26. The strangers at once point to a house with the number plate. The two persons outside seem to be fishy characters. Inside, the JS leaders are greeted by Mahesh and Dinesh, the two brothers of the family. Shri 'Dutta' asks the JS leaders who told them about the house and the former point out to two men standing outside just a few yards away. While leaving, he sees one of them entering another house in the street.

Black-out

Nanaji is inside a room with some other workers who leave after they all have had tea. He is disappointed that the Akali leaders could not come. Presently, the whole area is plunged in darkness as if by design. Candles are brought in and they have some talk. In another 5-10 minutes, a police officer accompanied by some CBI officers enters the house. Simultaneously two Ambassador cars block the gate having been parked face to face with head-lights on.

Nanaji, the two Punjab leaders and brothers Mahesh and Dinesh are led to the cars outside before they can realise what has happened. Meanwhile they search the house. They ask for 'Dutta', which shows that they have intercepted telephonic messages. Nanaji manages to destroy his diary and some crucial papers in the dark, before reaching the gate.

8-30 p.m. The five arrested persons are sitting in a room in Vinay Nagar police station in New Delhi. They are served Coca Cola. They are asked their names. When Nanaji tells his name, they do not believe him at all. They think that he is some dummy posing to be Nanaji—to put them off the scent. They ask questions about printing of underground literature, tours, contacts etc. and the names of other activists. Nanaji says that he alone is responsible for everything.

However, these are only frivolous enquiries. A number of officers troop in soon after. They are waiting for the arrival of the DIG. Nanaji asks them for their introduction. Only one of them volunteers it. He is DSP Kapur. Others say, "You'll know soon." When the whole force is joined, there is one DIG, 2 SPs, 4 DSPs and a number of subordinate officers. Most of them are from the various Intelligence agencies.

Incredible

9.30 p.m. Nanaji is sent to a separate room and so are the two brothers and the two Krishan Lals. Separate interrogations start. A number of intelligence men come by turn and shake their heads in disbelief on seeing Nanaji. Some belongings and a hair-dye are brought from the house of Chopras where Nanaji had stayed during day-time.

They concentrate on Krishan Lal Sharma. They show him photographs of various Jana Sangh leaders and ask him to identify Nanaji. He points out one, but they say it does not tally with the appearance of the man they have arrested. They show him a circular of Sangharsh Samiti with Nanaji's signature and ask him to identify it. They show him many signatures in the name of Nanaji Deshmukh and ask him to identify the real one. But the upshot of the whole enquiry is the remark by a senior officer: "Those rogues won't tell anything." Now they begin to be very harsh.

August 30, 7-30 a.m. Nanaji is sent to Tihar Jail under MISA. But the authorities are still not sure about his identity. Intelligence men are brought from Lucknow etc. to identify him.

September 1. Today they have brought someone who had gone to Nepal in search of Nanaji. As soon as he is brought before Nanaji, the latter exclaims. "Bhai, when did you come here?" He at once recognises the voice of Nanaji and exclaims. "This is Nanaji." Actually, he has worked as a security man for a former Jana Sangh minister of UP and knows Nanaji well. But even he cannot recognise him by his face. Shri Krishan Lal Sharma and Shri Krishan Lal Maini are handed over to the Punjab Police. Mahesh and Dinesh are held under DIR. Later, Dinesh is detained under MISA.

Warning

September 2. Nanaji is brought from jail in the presence of high CBI officers. They press him to disclose details of the underground setup, links and contacts in various cities, places visited, plans for the Sangharsh Samiti etcetera.

Nanaji refuses to say anything and repeats that he is responsible for everything, that he won't reveal anything and that he is prepared to suffer for it. He adds: "By imposing this fake Emergency, Shrimati Indira has left no choice for us except to launch a peaceful Gandhian movement to overthrow her tyrannical government."

They try to be harsh and threaten physical torture. Nanaji gives them a stern warning. "Look here, we are going to take over in the near future. You should think of the consequences before touching me physically."

These words have the desired effect. Nanaji's interrogation is abruptly stopped. He is sent back to jail.

THE SERENE PEACE

Whatever your career may be, do not let yourselves become tainted by a deprecating and barren skepticism, do not let yourselves be discouraged by the sadness of certain hours which pass over nations. Live in the serene peace of laboratories and libraries. Say to yourselves first, "What have I done for my instruction?" and as you gradually advance, "What have I done for my country?" until the time comes when you may have the immense happiness of thinking that you have contributed in some way to the progress and to the good of humanity. But whether our efforts are, or not, favored by life, let us be able to say, when we come near the great goal, "I have done what I could."

Louis Pasteur (1822-1895)

'When I grow up,' said the small boy, 'I don't want to be an engineer and build bridges. I want to become God and then I'll never let anyone die. . .'

THE LITTLE MANGO TREE

Fiction by Hari K Mathur

I WAS RIDING the gate, swinging back and forth on it. I spend a lot of my time doing this. Whenever they send me out to play when they want to talk, or whenever I am waiting for the postman. This time I was doing both. . .

I was ten years old last week and Papa had come for my birthday.

Nani Ma, that is what I call my grandmother, had told me that morning that I was now becoming a big boy. Thinking about this now made me happy, because once I become a big boy they won't send me out of the room whenever they start talking among themselves.

I don't know why they always want to send me away. I'm not such a kid any more. I know about a lot of things that the grown-ups know. But I would trade in my meccano set to know what they talk about, because when they finally call me in everyone is so quiet. Nani Ma's and Mummy's eyes always look red. And even Ashok Mama, my uncle, is sad and upset like the times he is after looking at his picture-album. Mummy once told me that he becomes sad and upset looking at Aunty Manju's pictures because he still misses her terribly.

She's dead, you know. I never saw her. At least I don't remember seeing her, but I know lots about her. At nights, when it's cold, I get under Nani Ma's quilt and then she tells me stories about brave and good and honest Rajas and their beautiful Ranees. Sometimes she tells me very funny stories too. Like the one about the fat King and the thin Vazir whose wives used to nag them. So the King wanted to become thin like the Vazir and his Vazir wanted to become fat like the King. By mistake they drank each other's medicines and the Vazir got thinner and thinner till he disappeared and the King got fatter and fatter till he burst like an overblown balloon. It's a very funny story. I like to hear it again and again. Even funnier than the story is how Nani Ma laughs and laughs till tears flow out of her eyes and I have to burrow under the quilt to stifle my own laughter. Sometimes I ask Nani Ma to tell me the story when Ashok Mama married Aunty Manju. She describes Aunty Manju so well that I can almost see her and I want to stretch out my hand to touch her beautiful face. Nani Ma doesn't laugh when she tells this story, but tears still flow from her eyes when it comes to the part when Manju Aunty died. I sometimes wish Manju Aunty hadn't died for a few more years, then I could have seen her. And she would have loved me as much as everybody else does. I sometimes wish she had never died. Somehow, dying makes everyone so unhappy that I can't understand why God lets people die. Surely, it must make Him as unhappy as it does everyone else?

I remember the time, last year when we were still at our house in Defence Colony, I spoke about this to Papa and Mummy. I said, 'When I grow up I don't want to be an engineer and build bridges. I want to become God and then I'll never let anyone die.'

Papa had laughed, and shaking his head he'd rumpled my hair. Mummy said, 'Hush, child! None of us can become God. And each and everyone of us has to die one day. That's the way God meant it to be. He brings us into this world and then watches us carefully. If we are good He takes us to live in His world with Him when we die. If we are bad, He sends us back into this world and gives us another chance to be good.' Mummy knows about these things. Nani Ma taught her all this when she was a little child.

Another reason I am happy about becoming a big boy is that now I'll be able to box the ears of any of those bad boys at school who say bad things about Mummy and Papa that make me want to cry. When I tell them that Papa has only gone to Bombay for a few months and will come back and then we will go back from Nani Ma's house to our house in Defence Colony they laugh and say he'll never come back. And I get so angry I want to smash their hateful faces. Especially cousin Gopal's How can *he* be so nasty and mean to me? Even thinking about them and *him* makes me angry.

The last time Papa had come from Bombay for a couple of days, I asked him when we were alone, 'Papa, why do you go away for so long?'

'It's because of my job, son. It can't be helped.'

That evening Aunt Kamlesh and Cousin Gopal came over. Gopal and I were outside on the lawn. I told him, 'Papa goes away for so long because of his job. It can't be helped.'

'Hah! You're a fool. He got himself transferred to Bombay. He'll never come back.'

'He's here, isn't he?' I retorted shrilly.

'Yeah. But only for two days.' He smirked knowingly.

A minute later everyone came out hearing our shouts. Papa came and tore us apart and stopped our fight. He took me aside and asked why we'd been fighting.

'I hate him, Papa.'

'Why?'

'I just hate him.'

'You shouldn't. You should love him.'

'But how can I love him? I hate him.'

'You must love him because he's your brother.'

What he said did not make any sense to me. How could I love Gopal when I hated him? 'Papa,' I asked, clutching his sleeve, 'why don't you take Mummy and me to Bombay with you?

'That's. . .that's not possible, son.'

'Why, Papa, why?' I asked, a little fearfully. Gopal had said that Papa had gone away because he and Mummy didn't love each other. That they would stop loving me too, if they hadn't already.

'Well, son. There are a lot of reasons. And one of them is you. You're in a good school here and we don't want your studies to suffer, do we?'

There! I hate Gopal. He is such a nasty liar. Though I wouldn't mind changing school. Not that the school isn't good. It's just that some of the boys aren't nice. I hate them too. But I didn't say this to Papa, because he'd once told me that at school some of the boys were bound to bully me and say some cruel things too, but I shouldn't let that make me unhappy. It was all part of growing up. . .

THINKING ABOUT Gopal and the bad boys at school, I cast another impatient look up and down the lane for the postman. Not seeing him coming, I jumped off the gate on which I'd been swinging and ran into the house and into my room. I stood before the mirror and looked closely at my face for a long time. Then frowning, I stripped off my shirt, took a deep breath and looked at my chest. I flexed my arms and felt the muscles. Perhaps I've grown strong inside and it doesn't show yet. These bad boys are sure in for a surprise. They won't know that I'm a *big* boy now, and when I knock out all their teeth, they'll gasp with awe. 'Golly! Vikram is a big boy,' they'll say. 'Better not meddle with him.'

I practiced a few ferocious, tough expressions in the mirror and threw some fast punches at my reflection.

They'll beg for forgiveness. On their knees. And beg to be friends with me. But I'll never call them to my house. Nor will I ever give them any mangoes from my tree. Remembering the tree made me sad. A few weeks before my birthday Ashok Mama had taken me along to our Defence Colony house to bring some boxes and things for Mummy that were still lying there. The house looked deserted and dusty. And seeing the little mango tree Papa, Mummy and I had planted, almost made me want to weep. It looked so unhappy. I asked Ashok Mama what was wrong with it. He had said, 'It's withering and dying. There's no one to give it the care and attention it needs.'

I ran out of my room. I thought I had heard the gate. It might be the postman, with a letter from Papa for Mummy and me. It wasn't.

There was nothing else to do. I looked at the gate. I put my foot on it and began riding it back and forth, waiting for the postman. Maybe he would bring a letter for me today.

My mind went back to my birthday last week. . .

I had insisted I didn't want anyone else at the party. I wanted just Mummy, Papa, Nani Ma and Ashok Mama. I was happy enough, I guess, but I knew that Papa would be flying back to Bombay in a few hours. When he looked at his watch, I couldn't stop myself. 'Papa, please. . .?'

'Yes, Vikram. What is it?'

'Papa, please get another job.'

Papa laughed. 'But why? It's an excellent job, son.'

'Because, I–I–I–'

I couldn't seem to get the next word out.

This used to happen to me often. The boys made fun of me, saying I stammered. But it wasn't that really. Sometimes the words just wouldn't come out.

Mummy got up and came and ruffled my hair. '*Now* Vicky, darling. Easy does it.'

Ashok Mama and Nani Ma looked at each other and went out of the room.

Papa came over, knelt in front of me, taking my hands in his. 'Yes, son?' he asked. His voice was soothing, comforting. His hands felt warm and strong.

What I was trying to say and couldn't was that I thought his job was horrible because he couldn't get a transfer back to Delhi. My school was horrible because it was so good I couldn't go with Mummy to live with him in Bombay.

I said, 'Papa, p–p–please get a job in Delhi otherwise our tree will w–w–wither and die.'

Papa couldn't remember. 'Our tree?'

Even Mummy looked blank. Surely they couldn't have forgotten our own little mango tree? I remembered it all very clearly, the day the three of us had planted it in our lawn. I had asked Papa a lot of questions. He told me that all things took time to grow. When I was born, I was very little. I had taken nine years to grow as big as I was then. And it would be many years by the time I grew to be as big as him. The tree also needed time to grow. And if I looked after it with love and care, it would grow to be beautiful and healthy with lots and lots of mangoes on it.

'Our mango tree,' I explained. 'The one we planted in our house. I saw it the other day. It *needs* us. If we don't go back. . .'

Papa laughed. 'Oh, that tree! I'm afraid we can't go back to our house, Vikram. Some other people have taken it and will be moving in soon. But don't worry, they'll look after our tree.'

'B–B–But why *should* they? It's not th–th–their tree. They didn't plant it. No, I want to go back there. All three of us.'

They both exchanged a look. Papa still knelt before me holding my hand and Mummy had an arm around me and was gently stroking my hair to stop me from stammering. Papa looked at Mummy and said softly, 'Maybe it's time we explained everything to him. I think he is big enough to understand.'

Mummy mumbled, 'I. . .don't know. . .'

What was it they wanted to tell me? What was I big enough to understand?

'No!' I shouted.

I tore out of their grasp, ran into my room and bolted myself in. I didn't even switch on the light. I just burrowed under the quilt and shut my eyes tight. The darkness gathered around me. My mind screamed. 'What do they want to tell me? What do they want to tell me?'

Papa and Mummy both knocked at the door. I think Nani Ma and Ashok Mama were there too. They wanted to be let in. They wanted to know what was wrong.

They wanted to know what was wrong?

'I am al–al–right. Just sleepy.'

'But aren't you going to come to see me off at the airport?'

What did they want to tell me?

'I c–can't. I'm too sleepy just now. I'll see you on my next birthday. W–w–won't I?'

I think my father laughed. It sounded as if he had. His voice sounded gruff. 'Of course! Your next birthday and much before that too. *Many* times, son. Many times.!

They went back to the sitting room–after Mummy, Ashok Mama and Nani Ma had all made me promise to call them if I needed anything.

The darkness grew heavy around me and I found it difficult to breathe. My mind screamed, 'What do they want to tell me? What am I old enough to understand?' My mind screamed back, 'No! I'm not old enough, brave enough, anything enough to want to know.'

It hadn't been a very happy birthday after all. Papa had left for the airport and I hadn't gone along to see him off. What if he was angry with me? He may not come for my next birthday. I shut my eyes tight and prayed to God. In the pitch black of darkness I saw my little mango tree. Alone. 'Withering and dying,' Ashok Mama had said.

I panicked. I was lost and afraid, floating away into the darkness. I needed to reach out and cling to something solid. To my Mummy and Papa. And the words came echoing back, 'Of course! Your next birthday and much before that too.'

And he had also promised, '*Many* times, son. Many times.'. . .

I GOT OFF the gate as it jolted to a stop at the end of its swing. The postman was just turning the corner at the far end of the street. At the time of this morning's delivery I had run all the way up the block, but there was no letter. Maybe if I waited where I was patiently for the postman this time there may be a letter for me and Mummy.

So I went back to the gate again, swinging back and forth on it. I spend a lot of my time doing this. **THE END**

SURVIVAL WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER

A YOUNG Rumanian man, Sorin Crainic, has been rescued from beneath the rubble of a Bucharest block of flats, after being entombed for more than ten days and nights, 252 hours, without food or water. As far as is known this feat sets a new record in endurance. BBC World Service has been talking to Professor Otto Edholm, an expert on survival and stress, who described Mr Crainic's feat as "quite staggering".

It ranks with that of a Mexican who, in 1906, survived nine days and nights in the desert in hot, dry conditions before crawling to safety. Although of shorter duration, the Mexican's feat was perhaps the more remarkable because he survived during the day exposed to direct sunlight, and continually used up energy, first walking and then crawling in search of help.

Sorin Crainic's survival must have been aided by being in darkness, which protected him from losing too much water by direct evaporation from the skin, and by the absence of wind or air currents, which also encourage evaporation. It seems that he used little energy during his entombment.

An averagely well-nourished person can survive for several months without food of any kind, so long as he or she keeps warm and has plenty of water to drink–indeed, controlled complete fasting of this kind is used in several hospitals as a treatment for severe obesity. But lack of water kills, usually, within something between four and six days.

Someone deprived of water can prolong life by keeping in the shade, and conserving energy by moving as little as possible. But water loss at a minimum rate of about one and a half litres every 24 hours goes on relentlessly. About a litre is lost through breathing and sweating, the greater part of it through breathing.

Another scientist researching into the water balance of the human body, Professor Julius Lee, suggests that Mr Crainic's survival may have been aided if he were trapped in a small space in such conditions, especially if the weather was damp, with high relative humidity in the air in the space around him. In such conditions, the air might have become saturated with water vapour, so that no more could evaporate off his body.

Professor Lee also suggests that someone in Mr Crainic's position could help to reduce water loss by covering his head with his jacket or other article of clothing, and deliberately breathing into his clothing. This would surround him with a layer of water–saturated air direct from the lungs, which would in turn reduce the rate of evaporation of water from the body and lungs.

This would aid water conservation for a while. But it might also have led, a little later, to worsening conditions, since the inability to lose heat by evaporation of sweat from the body would have eventually led to a rise in body temperature and illness due to this.

(BBC London Letter)

The story of Beethoven is the story of the inner resources of Man—which, when called upon, can change his destiny. . .

THE IMMORTAL BEETHOVEN

By E. Das Ernest

THROUGHOUT the month of March 1977, Germany celebrated the 150th anniversary of the passing of an illustrious son, a son she gave to the great world of music—Ludwig van Beethoven. In fact, to the German Democratic Republic, 1977 is Beethoven Year.

The story of Beethoven is the story of the inner resources of Man which, when called upon, can change his destiny. The deafness that started creeping in on him before he was thirty very nearly drove him to suicide. And yet he lived another 28 years during which he gifted to the world his most memorable compositions including the "Emperor" Concerto, Seventh and Eighth Symphonies, the "Missa Solemnis" and what is perhaps his masterpiece, the Ninth Symphony.

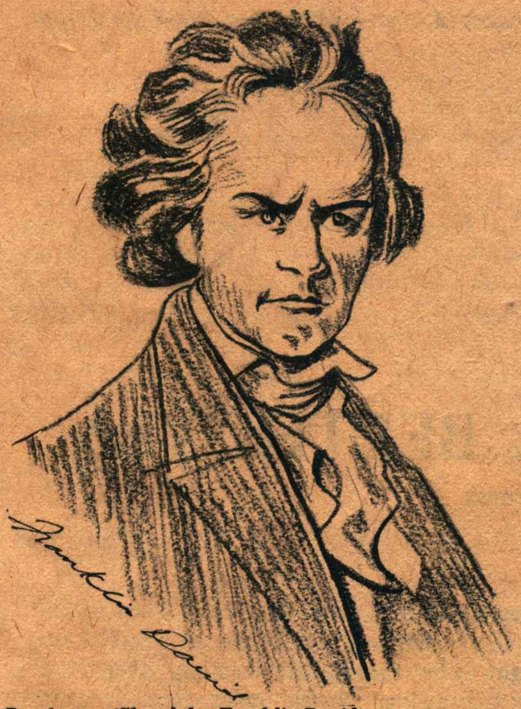
But let us have a look at the torment of his soul, savour a moment the desolation of a world shut off from all sounds—the music of birds, the laughter of children, the whispers of a loved one, the applause of an enraptured audience, the greeting of a friend. In 1803, Beethoven wrote a document known as the "Heilignstadt Testament" during a solitary sojourn at one of the villages near Vienna. This was addressed to his two brothers, but in its scope is actually an outpouring of his innermost feelings to all mankind, an outcry seeking the understanding of his fellowmen, a triumph over the tragedy of his deafness. ". . .All you who may think of me as one who dislikes his fellow-creatures and shuns them—you do not know the secret cause, why I must live like an exile. How can I bring myself to admit the weakness of a sense which in me ought to be more perfect than any other? How can I say to men, 'Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf!' I would commit suicide, but I feel that I still have much to give to the world . . . . ."

Ludwig van Beethoven was born on December 6, 1770, in Bonn, Germany, to Johann and Maria Magdalena, a couple of Flemish descent. The "van" in his name has often been mistaken for a title of nobility but has no such connotation. It is merely a family name.

Johann van Beethoven has the distinction of having first spotted his son's musical talent, but not being endowed with the capacity for direction and development of the boy's talent, he sought to make him an infant prodigy a la Mozart and even went to the extent of changing his year of birth to 1772. Incidentally, it was only when he was about 40 years old did Beethoven himself get wise to this subterfuge.

Of formal education he had very little, but his keen awareness of what was going on in the world around him so enriched his knowledge of things that all his writings reveal a man who was not only well informed but also capable of highly independent thought.

At the age of 12 Beethoven was assistant to the Court organist at Bonn and also played the harpsichord and viola in the Court orchestra. At 13 his first work was published. At 17 he went to Vienna to study under Mozart but his stay was cut short owing to his mother's illness. She



Beethoven *(Sketch by Franklin David)*

died of tuberculosis and he never overcame a lurking suspicion that he was also tubercular.

By this time his father's degeneration as an alcoholic was so complete that the burden of maintaining himself and his two brothers fell on him. He was actually, by a court order, appointed their guardian. To supplement his income he gave piano lessons. There were also a few public performances.

In 1792 his patron, Count Ferdinand Waldstein sent him to Vienna to study under Haydn. He went in November that year and thereafter Vienna was to be his permanent home. His association with Haydn was not of the happiest. Allowances, however, have to be made on both sides. Haydn was sixty, at the height of his fame and was not inclined to be patient with the fiery, 22 year old revolutionary that was Beethoven. They had a mutual respect that ensured harmony on the personal level but when it came to music their relationship was far from satisfying. Beethoven appears to have expected more from his discipleship than he received from Haydn and typically said that "though he had received some instruction from him, he had never learnt anything from him." Again typically, after Haydn's death, Beethoven openly expressed his admiration for his old master.

The first major work Beethoven completed after he pulled himself out of the depths was his Third Symphony, the "Eroica", dedicated to Napoleon Bonaparte whom he regarded as the hero who had brought France back to pre-eminence, who stood for liberty, equality and fraternity. But when, in 1804 Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor of France, disillusionment quickly set in. "Is he too an ordinary man?" he asked himself. "Now he will put himself above others and become a tyrant!" And then with mounting rage and frustration he tore the dedicatory page of "Eroica" into shreds. Later, amending the dedication he wrote: "To the memory of a great man".

BEETHOVEN loved Vienna. In 1794 his two brothers left Bonn and joined him. He moved with ease among the cultured middle-class families and among the nobility, and was in demand everywhere as a performer and teacher, though as his deafness worsened he became more and more a recluse. He was a keen observer and lover of nature and spent the summer months in the countryside where he took himself on long walks.

In 1796 he journeyed to Nuremberg, Prague, Dresden and Berlin where he played at the Prussian Court and composed Cello sonatas opus 5 for King Frederick William II. He also visited Budapest and the Bohemian spas. Though he had made plans to travel in Italy, France and England, for some reason they never materialised.

Freedom and independence of thought, speech and action were the very breath of Beethoven's life. It followed that they were the basis of his political and artistic convictions. Many of his friends were among the privileged classes no doubt, but he had little use for the tyrant. Though his patrons ensured his permanent stay in Vienna to devote himself entirely to composing, thus freeing him from the want that dogged the life of many other composers, he changed the concept of the composer's subservience to his patrons. He disestablished the practice of a musician composing music acceptable to his patrons which used to be a sine qua non for his patronage. He composed his music as he conceived it which made it intensely objective and a closer reflection of his personal life than has perhaps been the case of any other composer. His deafness of course accentuated this aspect of his music. He encouraged public concerts in an age when performances to select audiences were still the vogue. He truly believed that music like sunshine was for all of God's creatures.

The years 1815 to 1820 were, for Beethoven, the most barren artistically. Bedevilled by his loss of hearing on one side and the legal squabbles over the custody of his nephew (he lost his brother Karl in 1815) on the other, Beethoven felt himself hemmed in on all sides. He eventually won custody of his nephew from his sister-in-law whom he considered not without justification, "unfit to be a mother". All his life he felt a strong sense of responsibility for his brothers and later his nephew, also named Karl.

Beethoven never married though some of his correspondence reveals a certain sadness on his part that he had not been able to marry the woman of his choice. He fell in love at different times with three of his pupils Countess Guilietta Guiccardi, Countess Therese von Brunswick and her sister Josephine. After his death, in a secret drawer of his desk was found a letter considered to be one of the greatest love letters of all time, addressed enigmatically "To The Immortal Beloved". The letter is undated. Many theories involving five different women have been advanced, the above-named three and the singers Magdalena Willmann and Amalie Sebald, and all theories have been sought to be disproved. Nevertheless, the painstaking research of Marion Scott who has made a close study of the composer's life deserves attention. She feels that the letter shows "how greatly Beethoven felt lifted above the common world, and how sure he was that the 'Beloved' moved spiritually on the same plane as himself. That was true of Therese von Brunswick—not of the other women. His allusions in that letter to love demanding everything, and to 'the humility of man towards man —it pains me'—are understandable if they refer to the difference in rank between Beethoven and the Countess Therese. For under the cruel old code of Austrian nobility, marriage between an aristocrat and a plebeian meant social ostracism. So I like to think of the Countess Therese as the 'Immortal Beloved' . . ." Consider also the fact that in his room Beethoven always had a portrait of Therese inscribed to him in her own hand.

In 1826 his nephew Karl, torn by a loyalty divided between his mother and his uncle, attempted suicide. Beethoven took Karl to Gneixendorf, to his brother Johann. On his way back he caught a chill which, with prolonged neglect, developed into cirrhosis of the liver. He died in Vienna, the city that he loved so dearly, on March 26, 1827, aged 56, passing on surely to a dimension where all earthly barriers cease to exist.

THE END

I WONDER

Shining brightly,
A million stars
Dazzling in their luminescence
Like fragments of sun strewn across the night sky.

Then I turn to you
And gaze into your eyes
And wonder how He could have encompassed
The beauty of the night sky
Into a pair of eyes.

Then I turn away
And wonder
How He who made a million stars
To light up the sky
Forgot, in all His wisdom
And made you blind.

–M. A. Sajeev

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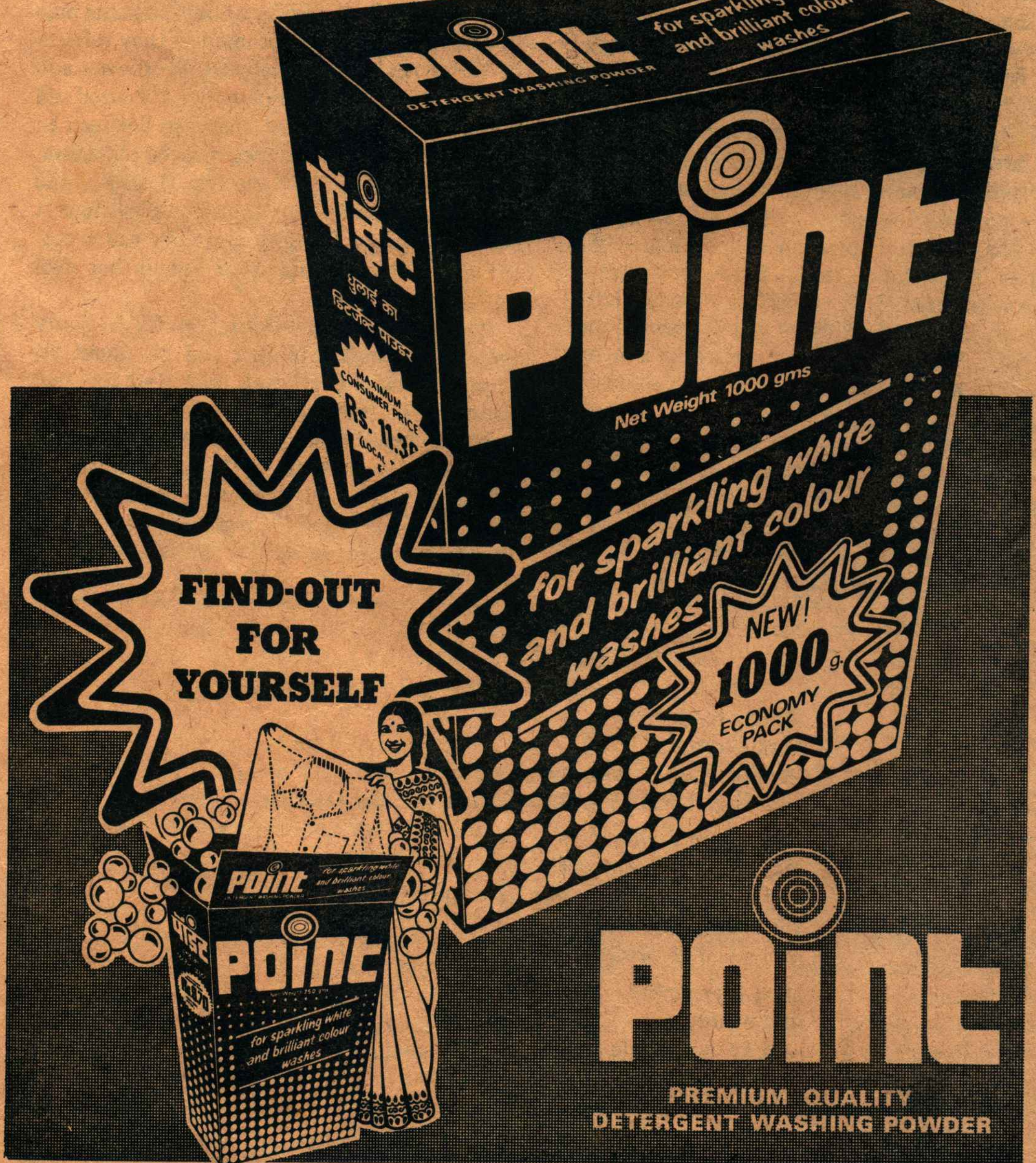
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A gentle satire on the ways of lions, jackals, pigs, and other humans!

STORY OF A STRANGE LAST JOURNEY

By Manoj Das

DEAR EDITOR, Here is the report of my investigation. I hope, I have done justice to the assignment.

But for the darkness of my skin, I should have turned pink with embarrassment as soon as I entered the Luvurva forest. The entire region was in ecstasy and dominating the atmosphere was a band of young assess who kept on braying in chorus what they called their revolutionary anthem. I was not surprised as I knew the confidence the asses had in their philharmonic activities. But the shock that could have changed me from pink to white was the conduct of a troupe of wild pigs. They were preforming some grotesque feats which they gave out as dancing and they cast oblique looks at me to read my reaction to their performance. I was indeed a fool to tell them, "I appreciate your great love for art, but what is needed for dancing is an area of the body called the waist. Better consider switching on to something else."

They looked scandalised. Their guru rebuffed me, "We did not expect such an orthodox statement from a reporter of your standing. Does not our constitution bestow the right to dance on all, waist or no waist?"

"Rights are all right, but so far as common sense and conscience go. . ." I muttered.

"Every square-inch of our body, for your information, is made of solid conscience. And precisely because of that we now deem it our duty to infuse some aesthetics into the blockhead that you are," they shouted.

They surrounded me and resumed dancing with a vengeance. An hour passed and still they went on, their females giving me a push now and then or squinting at me with utter contempt. At last I cried out, "I am enlightened. This is the most wonderful twist I have hitherto witnessed."

I was allowed to leave only after I had signed a written statement to this effect.

Although this incident is not directly relevant to my mission, I narrated this in order to give you an idea of the forest's climate. During my three days of stay there I faced similar situations several times, but my early experience with the pigs helped me to come out of them lightly.

Leaving the triumphant pigs I hurried to meet my old acquaintance, Jackal Junior, younger brother of Jackal Senior who is the lone Commissioner of the Luvurva at the moment.

Junior would hug me with a great show of emotion whenever we met. But this time he only threw a casual look of benevolent recognition and said Hello and looked at his watch with great earnestness. But when I informed him that we intended bringing out a special supplement on the epoch-making episodes in the Luvurva he could at once remember his usual regard for me, hugged me, and complained affectionately, "You have almost forgotten us, I must say. But myself and the Commissioner remember you often."

I marked that he no more referred to Jackal Senior as brother.

I spent a full day with Junior, soliciting information and, through his courtesy, obtained permission to take a snapshot of Senior. Although the time granted was seventy-five seconds, Senior was considerate enough to keep up an exclusive smile for seventeen minutes while I tried to overcome a snag in my equipment.

During the two succeeding days I interviewed three distinguished wild buffaloes, the Director of the House of Hyenas, the Secretary-General of the Grand Circle of Owls, Madame President of the All Luvurva Union of Spotted Deer, the Chairman of the Federation of Non-Poisonous Snakes, a spokesman of the Chamber of Poisonous Snakes, the honorary treasurer of the Genre of Tigers and, last but not the least, secretly, the Private Secretary (who is now under the surveillance of plain-clothed foxes) to the late President of the Luvurva. Excepting the unfortunate Private Secretary, others only narrated the surface of the episode. Here, however, are both the outer and the inner aspects of the episode:

THE OLD LION had ruled the forest for twenty years as the President of the Council of Commissioners. There had never been a second sitting of the Council after his election as the President. Some say that he looked upon the members of his Council as his proteges and he just did not wish to bother them with meetings or burden them with duties. According to others his wise rule and the impact of his personality were more than a match for all the problems of the sylvan domain and hence there was hardly anything left for the Commissioners to do or discuss.

And the Commissioners had no regrets. They were happy with their glittering microphones. Grabbing at the mike-poles they toured the forest and .delivered speeches to their hearts' content and passed their time, enchanted, listening to their own voices and the sweet echoes spreading out amid the hills. One or two enterprising Commissioners would fix funnel-like devices to their ears so that they heard their voices better. Some foreign experts, vultures, had been commissioned to probe the possibility of transplanting elephants' ears on the commissioners for the purpose.

Gradually, the lure of the microphone overpowered all the creatures of the forest. More and more powerful amplifiers were put up to give out songs and announcements on the frequent occasions of marriage, divorce and childbirth. The jackals seemed to have grown particularly fond of this practice. Not only did they use microphones for their collective howling on the river-bank at the sunrise and the sunset, but also some smarties among them deemed it fit to use it for broadcasting the time and location of the howling ceremony in advance. Once or twice the President admonished them, "Look here, boys, this ululation of yours is a primordial function. Ever since your great forefathers launched this irresistible ritual, its content and notation have defied change. Now, what use putting such a pristine thing into mike? What difference does it make?"

But there was no change in the situation.

Suddenly one day the President issued a decree. It read, "I am convinced that the microphone is the symbol of civilisation—not its use, but the restraint in its use. The extent of its use indicates the size of the devil in us. It must not be switched on except before a willing audience. Perhaps a deer is sick; perhaps a rabbit is writing poetry! We have no right to crush with the steamroller of our vain noise the peace of all those who have not asked for it. Hereby I ban all extravagant and whimsical use of the microphone."

Tranquillity returned to the forest. Heard again were the forgotten doves and the nightingales.

But the Commissioners were consumed with agony and despair. It is rumoured that the Commissioner of Health, a she-boar, paled so much on this account that a naive young pig mistook her in the darkness as his cousin and ran into serious trouble. It did not take long for the Commissioners to begin to cerebrate on the formidable issue: how to get rid of the old President.

An illustrious owl, a psychologist by vocation, confided to me that it was not that the President stuck to his position out of greed for power. The grand old animal had forgotten to give it up. The creatures of the forest were happy; he was content doing his duty; that was all!

The Commissioners yearned for the ouster of the President. But they had hardly the nerve even to correct him if he called a cat a rat, what to speak of asking the father-figure to quit!

TWO YEARS passed. The President continued to rule with undiminished vigour while the Commissioners, divorced from their microphones, were reduced to their own cartoons.

One day the President invited Jackal Senior to lunch. For the first time he observed then how melancholy the Commissioner looked. He asked what ailed the prince of jackals. Senior fumbled for a moment and then, on the spur of the moment, replied that it was his worrying about the day when the President would be able to exercise his influence only from the remote heaven that kept him pensive.

The President was thrilled to hear this. He patted his Commissioner whose eyes had in the meanwhile moistened, and said, "Nobody is indispensable, my dear jackal, not even myself. But for some time, fool that I am, I thought as though the forest would be doomed when I was gone! But I feel so different now! With a lieutenant like you whose thoughts are constantly in the future of our realm, I feel assured that the future is nothing but bright."

Perhaps it had never occurred to Senior that a day would come when the President would really die till he blurted out those words. But once it dawned upon him, he was overjoyed with such a prospect and guzzled a full jar of alcohol. The President did not like it, but he was obliged to drink more than he generally did lest the guest should feel offended.

Senior then ran towards the river-bank. Slowly the effect of the great drink became manifest and its first casualty was his sense of tense. When the jackals gathered for the howling ceremony, instead of saying that the President would one day die, he announced that the President was dead!

The jackals stood stunned for a while. Then they burst into the most pathetic ever howl.

Within minutes all other animals rushed to the river-bank attracted by the unusual tone of the howl. All stood stupefied at the news. Then, crying and sighing, a thousand creatures of the forest advanced towards the President's residence slowly.

In a corner of the forest, in a cave at the foot of a hill, the President lived alone in an austere way. That day, after Senior departed, the President had fallen into a stupor.

The moon had just gone over the forest when the sobbing and surging crowd collected in front of the Presidential cave.

Senior entered the cave. It was only then that the intoxication suddenly left him. At the sight of the slumbering lion he realised what a bungling up he had made. He trembled like a squirrel's tail.

Another ambitious Commissioner, a certain monkey, taking the advantage of Senior's absence from the crowd, climbed upon a rock and recited an eulogy in verse which he composed extempore. At that the animals broke into loud lamentations and that woke up the President. He looked bewildered as soon as he had had a glimpse of the weeping crowd outside the cave.

Senior had by then realised that the time had come for him to take the greatest ever risk in his life.

"President, Sir, you are perhaps not aware of the fact that you are dead!" he whispered.

The President was in a daze. All he could do was to gape at his Commissioner.

"It should be a matter of great pride for you that all the animals of the forest have gathered here to lament your sad and sudden demise," Senior said again.

"But are you sure that I am dead?" asked the President apologetically.

"All the animals are sure," answered Senior.

The old President struggled to suppress his tears as he surveyed himself again and again, and managed to say, "But, Jackal Senior, to be frank, I am rather confused. What should I do?"

"It does not become of a wise and popular President like you to get confused on such a simple issue. How do you doubt the genuineness of the lamentation of such a vast crowd? You should calmly accept the fact that you are dead," Senior said, now with an air of authority.

Both kept quiet for a while. Outside the cave the animals raised slogans, punctuated by sobs, in praise of the President and demanding a comfortable place for him in heaven. The impact of the echoes was terrific and the President looked at the vibrating roof of his cave with anxiety. Tears rolling down, he asked, "But, what am I to do?"

"Wait a minute. It is so simple," Senior answered.

He went out and stood on a rock facing the crowd. Calm returned instantly. In a solemn voice he announced, "Brothers and sisters, our father-like President is no more. No quantity of words can describe his greatness. So I spare you of my oration for the moment. But you will be delighted to know that because of his untold love for us, the soul of the President, on its way to heaven, will be visible to us. And that mighty soul will carry its body too along with it on this great supernatural journey!"

The animals stood breathless.

Senior returned into the cave and told the President, "Did you hear? Well, make haste. The moment I raise the slogan for peace to your soul, rush out and run at a lightning speed towards the peak of the hill. You can descend on the other side and cross the forest. This is no time for any silly confusion. You can indulge in that later."

Senior hurried out again and raised the slogan. Amidst the deafening din, the animals saw, in the dim moonlight, their beloved President's soul, carrying the body along with it, ascending the peak like a golden arrow–and disappearing on its way to heaven.

Dear Editor, you know all that happened thereafter so far as the President was concerned. This is the background of the surprise appearance of an old lion in our town the other night–and the firebrigade and the police killing it in a joint midnight operation.

Jackal Senior is the administrator of the Luvurva forest. Although I gathered that at a secret meeting some leading members of the Genre of Tigers have expressed their uneasiness at the Jackal's sudden ascension to supreme power, at the moment he is no doubt popular. He is too humble to call himself the President and so he sticks to his old designation of Commissioner. "This gesture of 'sacrifice' has impressed all the animals," his younger brother confided to me.

When I left the forest, the entire region was vibrating with the new policy statement of Jackal Senior which he was announcing through one hundred recently overhauled loudspeakers.

THE END

An Old Epitaph

I see it still,
A heavy wooded hill, all soft with pines
And willows weeping
As the dead flowed out the town,
And dominoes of white sprang up.
Keys; a terraced organ
Where God no longer played
And song no longer swayed the memories of these
Or surged in hope, or love, or prose.
Where time grew moss, and gravestones crumbled
Urchins stole the letters, Crosses, Angels slowly tumbled
The mist which always furled the valley
Hung in whisper laden sorrow.

But green and fresh, I loved to lie there with the dead
And dream.
The sun gold, in pine reflection.

Till Eastern Sorrow, Western Smile
Begin again the Timeless Lie
And confuse in the mirrored, fabled tale
The Vision, Love, the Holy Grail
And then once lost
To piece again, again and Fail.

–Barry Johnson

Here is a fascinating account of the evolution of the stars, their development and death . . .

REFLECTORS TAKE OVER

By Isaac Asimov

Stellar Spectra

IF ONE COULD photograph the light of a heavenly object in the ordinary way, one could also photograph that light once it was spread out into a spectrum. Naturally, it is harder to photograph a spectrum than the source itself, because the light of the source is spread out over an area in forming the spectrum and is therefore dimmer at every given point than the spectrum is. This means that longer exposures are required to photograph the spectrum of a star than the star itself, and it also means that without the development of silver-fronted glass mirrors which made large reflectors possible, and without the development of sensitive dry-plate photography, the spectra of anything more than those of a few of the brightest stars could not have been studied.

The necessary advances in technology were made, however, and astronomers were straining to move forward. Clearly, there would be no end to the convenience of having numerous stellar spectra permanently recorded, to be studied at leisure.

Such was the eagerness of astronomers that the history of stellar spectra begins before the technology had become adequate for the purpose. As early as 1863, Huggins had focused the stellar spectra he was trying to observe on a photographic plate, thus producing the first spectral photographs of the stars Sirius and Capella. The photographs were faint and showed no lines. The wet plates used were inconvenient and the telescope was not steady enough to produce a good focus.

In May 1872 a more successful photograph of a stellar spectrum was taken by Henry Draper. He used his 71-centimeter (28-inch) reflector and brought the light of Vega through a quartz prism and then onto a photographic plate. Here, too, no lines were visible, but in August of that year, Draper tried again and this time he obtained a photograph of the spectrum of Vega which showed the existence of four lines. It was the first time that stellar spectral lines had been photographed.

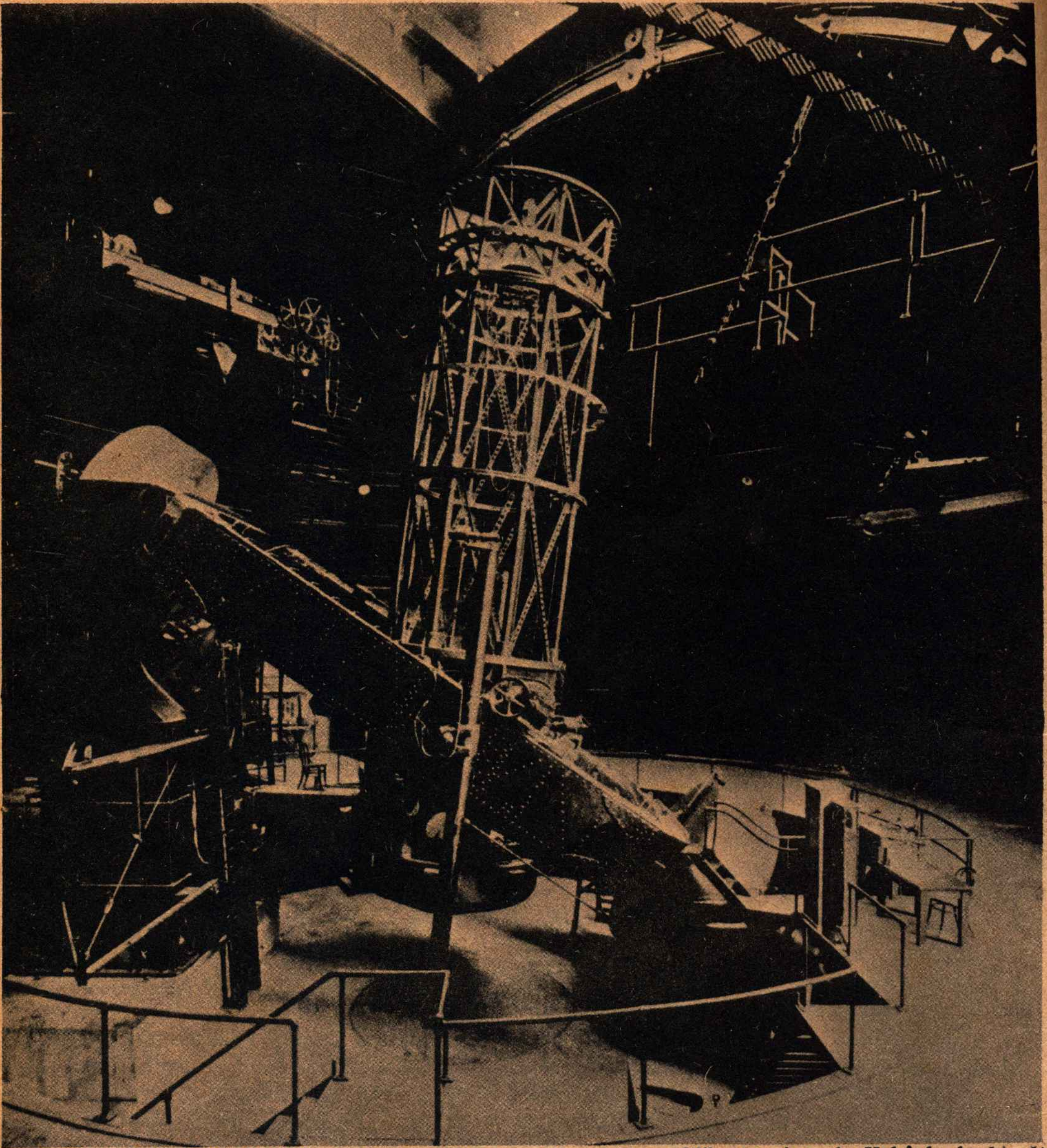
The German astronomer Hermann Karl Vogel (1841-1907) began work on spectrography in 1873 and was the first to make a real specialty of it. Beginning in 1888, he used his spectrographs to determine the velocities of approach or recession of many stars with, for the first time, good accuracy.

Even without spectrography, enough stellar spectra had been observed visually to make it possible to suggest that their natures varied widely among themselves and that stars could be grouped into stellar classes. The advent of spectrography enormously strengthened this view and Draper's work was crucial here.

Before he died in November 1882, at the age of eighty-five, Draper had made spectrographs of dozens of stars. Edward Charles Pickering (1846-1919), the director of Harvard College Observatory, studied the spectrograms Draper had left behind, painstakingly measured the positions of the lines, and compared them with those of the sun's spectrum. By such labor, he showed, for instance, that Arcturus and Capella were of the same spectral class as the sun.

Pickering then went on to initiate a huge program of stellar spectrography, making use of the idea of an objective prism. Instead of having the light of a single star pass through a prism near the telescope focus, he

From *Eyes on the Universe* by Isaac Asimov, published by André Deutsch Ltd., 105 Great Russell St., London WCI.



In 1917 the 100-inch Hooker telescope was put into operation at Mount Wilson, again under Hale's leadership. It had three times the light-gathering power of the 60-inch. *Hale Observatories*

placed a narrow prism just in front of the telescope objective. In this way, every star whose light reached the photographic plate at the other end reached it as a spectrum. Many spectra were thus recorded on a single plate.

By 1889 Pickering had made a complete spectrographic survey of the stars of the northern hemisphere and was setting up an observatory at Arequipa, Peru, in order to continue the survey in the southern hemisphere. A quarter of a million stellar spectra were eventually obtained and were included in the *Henry Draper Catalogue* (which was not completed till 1924).

The growing spectrographic survey was more than a mere collection. For one thing, it served the same function in the heavens that the careful cataloguing of plant and animal species did on Earth. The biological cataloguing of the species carried through in the eighteenth century showed such an in-

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the world will soon
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the skeletons of trees
will stand . . .
testimony
to an ever-lasting
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stretching into the sky
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nodding in the breeze . . .
nothing but a dream.
Nothing green.
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CENTURY cottons NATURE'S OWN FLOWER FRESH FABRICS tricate pattern of relationships among the species that it was almost inevitable that a theory of biological evolution was worked out in the nineteenth century.

In the same way, the spectrographic survey of the late nineteenth century resulted in the grouping of stars into spectral classes in an ever more refined and meaningful way, and this gave rise to notions of stellar evolution that were to reach fruition in the twentieth century.

The major portion of the delicate work required to classify the stellar spectra into main groups was that of Annie Jump Cannon (1863-1941). The letter listing of the spectra and of the classes of stars, O, B, A, F, G, K, M, N, R, S (in order of decreasing temperature), together with transitions indicated by dividing each letter into numerical divisions was originated by her.

A fellow astronomer, Antonia Caetana Maury (1866-1952), had evolved a spectral classification superior to Cannon's but one that was a little too complicated to come into general use. The failure here was made up by a remarkable discovery she was able to announce in 1889 as a result of her photography of the spectrum of the star Zeta Ursae Majoris.

This star, better known as "Mizar," is the middle star in the handle of the Big Dipper. In the days of naked-eye observation of the heavens, it was the best known "double star," for near it, just far enough to be seen separately, if one's eyes were acute, was the dimmer star, Alcor.

Mizar and Alcor were not double in the sense of really being near each other. They just happened to be in very nearly the same direction from Earth, with one much farther than the other. In 1650, using the telescope, the Italian astronomer Giovanni Battista Riccioli found that Mizar was itself two stars that were impossible to see separately without the telescope. The two stars that made up Mizar were really close and physically related, the kind of star which Herschel, a century and a half later, was to call a binary—two stars revolving about a common center of gravity.

The two binary components are Zeta Ursae Majoris A and Zeta Ursae Majoris B, with A the brighter, and it was the spectrum of A that Maury was studying. When comparing plates of the spectrum taken at different times, she noted that some of the brighter lines were sometimes double, sometimes single.

A closer study of the various plates showed that each bright line was really two that, as time passed, separated, came together, crossed, separated in the other direction, came together, crossed, and so on.

Since a line shift toward the red means a star is receding and a line shift toward the violet means it is approaching, it seemed clear that Zeta Ursae Majoris A had to be two stars, since one star could not both approach and recede simultaneously. The two stars were so close together that the best available telescope would fail to separate their images. They circled each other in an orbit which appeared nearly edge-on from Earth's point of view so that as one star was approaching, the other was receding, and this was revealed in the spectrum.

Zeta Ursae Majoris A was thus shown to be a "spectroscopic binary." H. K. Vogel discovered another spectroscopic binary in 1890 and then devoted himself to a search for further examples. Over 1500 spectroscopic binaries are now known.

In 1908 the American astronomer Edwin Brant Frost (1866-1935) discovered that Zeta Ursae Majoris B was also a spectroscopic binary. Mizar is, therefore, a four-star system, two spectroscopic binaries circling each other as an ordinary binary (and with a fifth and unrelated star seeming close to it in the sky as seen from our terrestrial stage).

With the increasing importance of spectroscopy, it is not surprising that attempts were made to improve the means by which spectra were formed. The prism was not susceptible of much improvement, but diffraction gratings were.

In 1881 the American physicist Henry Augustus Rowland (1848-1901) developed concave gratings of lines on metal. This not only dispersed the wavelengths to form a spectrum but focused the light so that no lenses or mirrors were required as part of the spectroscopic system. Light did not have to pass through glass and be partly absorbed or strike a mirror and be only partly reflected. The spectra were therefore brighter.

Rowland proceeded to rule lines more finely in his gratings than anyone had before. He scored up to 8000 lines per centimeter over a stretch of 15 centimeters (20,000 lines per inch over a stretch of 6 inches). As a result he prepared a map, between the years 1886 and 1895, of the solar spectrum that was some 12 meters (40 feet) long, in which the precise location of some 20,000 lines could be determined. Some of Rowland's gratings are still in use.

The Spectroheliograph

THE NEXT STEP was taken by Hale, who had made the Yerkes refractor possible. Indeed, he took the step even before that large refractor had come into view. While he was still a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (from which he graduated in 1890), he began thinking of a device by which an object could be photographed by the light of some specific *part* of its spectrum.

It wasn't likely that this could be done in the case of the stars generally, since so little light was delivered by them that, once that light was spread out over the spectrum, no single part of it would yield much additional information if the star were photographed by that alone. This was especially so since a star is virtually a point source of light and only all of it can be photographed whether by part or by all its spectrum.

But what about the sun? It is an extended body so that small portions of it could be photographed, and it was bright enough so that even the light of a small part of its spectrum would suffice. Before he was out of college, Hale had the principle of the device needed to do this clearly in his mind. It was something he called a "spectroheliograph" (the stem "helio" coming from the Greek word for "sun").

In the spectroheliograph, light from a portion of the sun's outermost rim makes its way through an appropriately placed slit and is focused by way of a telescope through a prism. The spectrum so formed falls on a photographic plate which is covered by an opaque lid containing a slit. The slit is so placed that only a small, carefully chosen portion of the sun's spectrum reaches the photographic plate.

The portion of the sun's outermost rim is thus photographed at one end of the photographic plate by the light, let us say, of a portion of the red end of the spectrum. The two slits now move in synchronous fashion, so that a progressively farther-inward portion of the sun is photographed on a progressively farther-inward portion of the photographic plate, always by the same portion of the spectrum.

The end result is that the photograph of the entire sun is taken by the kind of light produced particularly strongly by, say, hydrogen atoms or by calcium atoms. One could in this way note the varying concentrations of hydrogen or calcium from point to point on the sun's face. A similar device was worked out, independently, by the French astrophysicist Henri Alexandre Deslandres (1853-1948) and both were in operation about 1891.

Where photographs of the sun by ordinary light show a bright sphere that is featureless except for the comparatively dark sunspots, the spectroheliograph by calcium light shows the disc to have a mottled appearance, with bright areas around the sunspots. By hydrogen light the sunspots are less marked, but flares and other disturbances show up clearly as dark dots and lines.

Once Hale had arranged for the construction of the Yerkes refractor, he tried to fit it with a spectroheliograph but found that an instrument needed for the purpose was too large and cumbersome and results were mediocre.

It seemed to him that a different kind of structure was necessary. There had to be a "solar telescope," one which could be fixed in place, with an adjustable "coelostat," a mirror that would reflect the sun's image into the objective steadily as the sun moved across the sky. In that case the spectroheliographic equipment could also be fixed in position on stone or concrete piers, and much better results could be expected.

The first instrument of this sort which was built was destroyed in a fire and a second had to be constructed. This second one, called the "Snow telescope" because it was made possible by a grant of $10,000 from a Miss Helen Snow, was successfully completed in the autumn of 1903.

There was nothing wrong with the Snow telescope itself, but the images received were too fuzzy to be useful because of the quivering of air subjected to different temperatures from place to place as it heated and cooled.

It seemed to Hale that, for the proper study of the sun, a mountaintop would be preferable, since there the air would be distinctly thinner than at or near sea level and there would be less interference with temperature change. And, if some mountain were going to be chosen, it might as well be one in a relatively warm area and one where the incidence of sunny days was high. What about southern California?

Some years before, William Henry Pickering (1858-1938), the younger brother of E. C. Pickering, had spoken highly of the telescopic view from Mount Wilson, which was 1800 meters (5900 feet) high and about 48 kilometers (30 miles) northeast of Pasadena. He had established a small observatory there.

Hale, after investigating possible sites, concurred in the view of Mount Wilson's suitability. In 1904 various instruments, including the Snow telescope, were brought to Pasadena and then lifted to the mountaintop along a narrow, winding, steep road that was more than 10 kilometers (6 miles) long.

Observing the sun was still a problem. The air was thinner than at sea level but it was not entirely absent. Changing temperature distorted the crucial figures of the lenses and mirrors, too.

Hale had to take numerous measures to minimize disturbance. He tried to restrict viewing to the morning and evening hours, to shield the mirrors from direct sunlight except at the moment of viewing, and so on. He also built a tunnel into which he could place a vertical telescope, outfitted with a spectroheliograph, keeping the whole thing underground.

Despite the difficulties, results were most useful. The spectroheliographic work at Mount Wilson showed that the spectral lines produced in the regions of the sunspots were more intense than in the undisturbed sections of the solar surface. That would be expected if the sunspot regions were at lower temperatures than other parts of the sun and therfore more efficiently absorbed light passing through them.

What was more curious was the observation in 1908 that some of the lines in the sunspot regions were doubled. Hale and his co-workers interpreted this in accordance with the work of the Dutch physicist Pieter Zeeman (1865-1943). In 1896 Zeeman had shown that an ordinary single spectral line will be split into several components when the light source is between the poles of a strong electromagnet.

What Hale was observing then was a "Zeeman effect" in the spectral lines of sunspots, and it was clear that those spots were embedded in a strong magnetic field many times stronger than Earth's magnetic field. It was the first observation of magnetic effects elsewhere than on Earth.

Just as the Earth has a north magnetic pole and a south magnetic pole, so do the sunspots. In 1913, when one eleven-year sunspot cycle ended and the next began, it turned out that the new sunspots, as judged by their spectral lines, had the north and south magnetic poles reversed as compared with the old sunspots. Such a reversal, apparently, takes place in each new cycle, so that magnetically the sunspot cycle is twenty-two years long.

In 1926 Hale made the spectroheliograph more flexible by arranging to have the slits oscillate back and forth so that separate views of a portion of the sun by a specific part of the spectrum could be seen as a succession of closely spaced "stills." The result in such a "spectrohelioscope" was precisely what one has in a motion picture film. The stills melt together as they are viewed and astronomers could see flares and prominences on the sun grow and subside.

Stellar Evolution

As the twentieth century opened, interest was rising in the question of the evolution of the stars, of their changes in the course of time, of their birth and development and death.

The first breakthrough in this direction began with the consideration of the surface temperatures of stars. From experience on Earth, it was to be expected that with higher temperatures there was some tendency to have the emitted light shift color away from the red end of the spectrum. It was to be expected, then, that yellow stars were hotter than red stars and that blue white stars were hotter still. In 1893, however, the German physicist Wilhelm Wien (1864-1928) showed just how spectra would change with temperature and it became possible to use the spectra to make quite accurate measurements of stellar temperatures.

It was, for instance, possible to tell from the spectra, from the distribution of energy among the various parts, from the nature of the spectral lines present that the surface temperature of the sun was 6000° C., while that of the white star, Sirius, was 11,000° C., and that of the blue white star, Alpha Crucis, was 21,000° C. On the other hand, red stars can have surface temperatures as low as 2500° C.

Once the matter of stellar temperatures came to the fore, the Danish astronomer Ejnar Hertzsprung (1873-1967) noted a peculiar phenomenon. Allowing for differences in brightness due to distance, he noted that some red stars were exceedingly luminous and some were exceedingly dim. Since both types of star had similar spectra, both had to possess the same comparatively low surface temperature and both had to have similar luminosities per square mile of surface.

The only way to account for the enormous brightness of some of the red stars was to suppose that their surface was extremely large and that the low luminosity per square mile was made up for by the vast number of square miles available. Hertzsprung began to speak of "red giants" and "red dwarfs," therefore, and the most interesting point to be made in this connnection was that there were *no* red stars of intermediate size.

As long as everything about stars seemed distributed in random fashion, as long as there were stars at all distances, at all temperatures, with all kinds of spectra, it was hard to make order out of the stellar population and decide whether there was any definite way in which stars changed in the course of time.

Hertzsprung had now pointed out for the first time a gross lack of randomness—very large cool stars and very small cool stars and nothing in between. At once theories of stellar evolution arose. Could stars, for instance, form as large volumes of gas, barely red hot, condense and grow hotter until they are blue white stars of medium size, and then continue to shrink and cool off till they were small stars barely red hot?*

In order to determine what the course of stellar evolution might be, it was necessary to wring as much detail from stellar spectra as possible and Hale, having been satisfied with Mount Wilson as a site for astronomical observation, determined to build large reflectors there in order to accomplish that.

As it happened, Hale's father had obtained, some years before, a 153-centimeter (60-inch) mirror-blank from Paris, and had paid $25,000 for it. It had originally been intended for Yerkes Observatory, which had agreed to supply the telescope itself plus a building to house it in. Lack of funds brought that hope to the ground but in 1903 Hale had managed to obtain a grant from Carnegie Foundation, and now he set about constructing the telescope and the necessary housing on Mount Wilson.

In charge of the design was George Willis Ritchey (1864-1945), who had worked with Hale at Yerkes. Ritchey in his initial grindings of the mirror plate became the first to use "Carborundum," or silicon carbide, for this purpose. Carborundum had first been formed by the American inventor Edward Goodrich Acheson (1856-1931) in 1891, and it proved to be harder than any other substance known at that time, excepting only diamond (and, of course, Carborundum was much cheaper than diamond). Carborundum had six times the cutting power of emery, a form of aluminum oxide which had previously been used at this stage.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to keep the room in which the grinding was taking place dust-free and at constant temperature and by December 1908 the 153-centimeter (60-inch) reflector was ready for work. Only Rosse's Leviathan had been larger, but there was no comparison really. Considering the excellent seeing on Mount Wilson and the ease with which the new reflector could be manipulated, the fact that Rosse's mirror had been larger and its light-gathering power 1.5 times greater went for nothing. Hale's new telescope was infinitely the superior of the Leviathan. It was, indeed, the most useful telescope built up to that time. With four hours of exposure, stars as dim as the 20th magnitude could be photographed and stellar spectra could be obtained with better definition than ever before.

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*This turned out to be a wrong view of stellar evolution, but even a wrong view is of importance if it entices scientists into thinking about a problem.

Meanwhile a new system of focusing had been developed for reflectors. Light was reflected by two or more small, flat mirrors to a point outside the telescope in such a way that although the telescope moved, this was compensated for by the mirror arrangement, and the focus remained in the same place. This "coude system" (a French word meaning "bent like an elbow" to describe the bending of the light by reflection) was invented by the Austrian-French astronomer Maurice Loewy (1833-1907) in 1894.

It made it far easier to use instruments such as cameras, spectrographs, and spectroheliographs in connection with reflectors, since those instruments could now be placed at the stationary focus.

One of the advances made possible by Hale's reflector came in 1915 when the American astronomer Walter Sydney Adams (1876-1956) used it to take the spectrum of the tiny companion of Sirius (Sirius B), the one that had been deduced by Bessel and first seen by Clark.

Rather to Adams's astonishment, the spectrum clearly showed that the surface of Sirius B was at a temperature of 10,000° C. as hot as that of Sirius itself, and considerably hotter than that of the sun. But if Sirius B had a surface as hot as that of Sirius, the two stars should be equally luminous and they were certainly equally distant from Earth. Why, then, did they not appear of equal brightness?

The situation was the reverse of that of the red giants. The red giants, with cool dim surfaces, had to be enormous in order to emit enough light to seem as bright as they are. Sirius B, with a white-hot surface, had to be pigmyish to seem as dim as it was. In fact, Sirius B would have to have a diameter of not more than 27,000 kilometers (17,000 miles) and be no larger in size than the planet Uranus. It was a "white dwarf" star.

The mass of Sirius B, however, had to be roughly equal to that of the sun, judging from the manner in which it made Sirius itself wobble in its path. If the mass of the sun is condensed into the size of the planet Uranus, the result is a star with a density 8000 times that of the dense metal platinum.

Such a result would have seemed ridiculous not many years before—so ridiculous that Adams's observations would have seemed so obviously wrong that they would have been dismissed out of hand. As it happened, however, it had been discovered in 1896 that the uranium atom was constantly giving off radiations and this led to a course of chemical and physical research that showed that the various atoms of matter were made up of still smaller "sub-atomic particles."

In 1911 the New Zealand-born British physicist Ernest Rutherford (1871-1937) had clearly demonstrated that the atom's mass is concentrated into a tiny "atomic nucleus" far smaller than the atom itself. This atomic nucleus was surrounded by almost massless electrons. If, then, under the pull of gravity, the atomic structure was smashed, if the light electrons were, so to speak, brushed aside and the heavy atomic nuclei came closer together than they could in the case of intact atoms, it was quite possible for the density of matter to become far greater than anything seen on Earth.

It was this which made the enormous density of Sirius B acceptable. It also meant that an astronomic observation of a dim object nearly nine light-years away offered striking confirmation of a sophisticated physical theory of atomic structure worked out on Earth.

Then, too, the discovery of the small size and superdensity of Sirius B was the first step toward working out the details of the final stages of stellar evolution into a variety of condensed objects of which the white dwarfs were, in fact, the least strange.

The Mount Wilson reflector was used also on objects of the solar system, and in particular, on Mars.

Mars, the second closest to ourselves of the planets of the solar system, had gained a new interest in 1877, the year in which Hall had discovered the two Martian satellites and Schiaparelli had reported the existence of the Martian canals.

The canals were by no means universally accepted. E. C. Pickering, for instance, who watched Mars carefully, could not see the canals, and neither could E. E. Barnard, an excellent observer.

The French astronomer Camille Flammarion was, on the other hand, enthusiastic for the canals, writing a book proclaiming the existence of intelligent life on Mars in 1892. In 1894 Percival Lowell (1855-1916), the scion of a well-to-do Boston family, entered the fray on the side of Flammarion.

Lowell had enough money to establish an observatory where he could be sure of clear nights and clean air—not in California as Hale was to do but in Flagstaff, Arizona. He observed Mars assiduously for a period of fifteen years, first with a 46-centimeter (18-inch) refractor and then with a 61-centimeter (24-inch) refractor which he put into action in 1896. These were excellent telescopes, built by Clark, and by using them Lowell was able to map intricate canal patterns, which he sometimes saw in doubled form and which seemed to meet in "oases."

He wrote popular books on the subject, the first of which was *Mars,* published in 1895, in which he upheld the claim that there was intelligent life on that planet.

On the whole most astronomers did not accept the Lowell view, but everything rested on what could be seen on the Martian surface. Some astronomers could see the canals but some could not. Those who could not insisted the canals were optical illusions, with the eyes manufacturing straight lines out of irregular markings. Those who could see the canals, however, blamed the failure of others to see them on less-than-perfect vision or less-than-adequate telescopes or both.

Nor could the new technique of photography help. Photographs of the Martian surface were invariably fuzzier than one could see by eye, because of the graininess of the film and because the necessary length of exposure gave time for temperature variations in the atmosphere to fuzz the fine detail slightly.

In 1905, when Mars was again making a close approach, Lowell redoubled his observational efforts and then in 1906 and 1908 published two more books on the subject, *Mars and Its Canals* and *Mars as the Abode of Life*.

Naturally, there were high hopes that the new reflector might settle the matter. In 1911 Barnard, perhaps the keenest-eyed astronomer in history, went to Mount Wilson and used the great telescope for a month. He saw no canals but, on the other hand, there was no indication that the vision of the surface through the new reflector was perceptibly better than through smaller instruments.

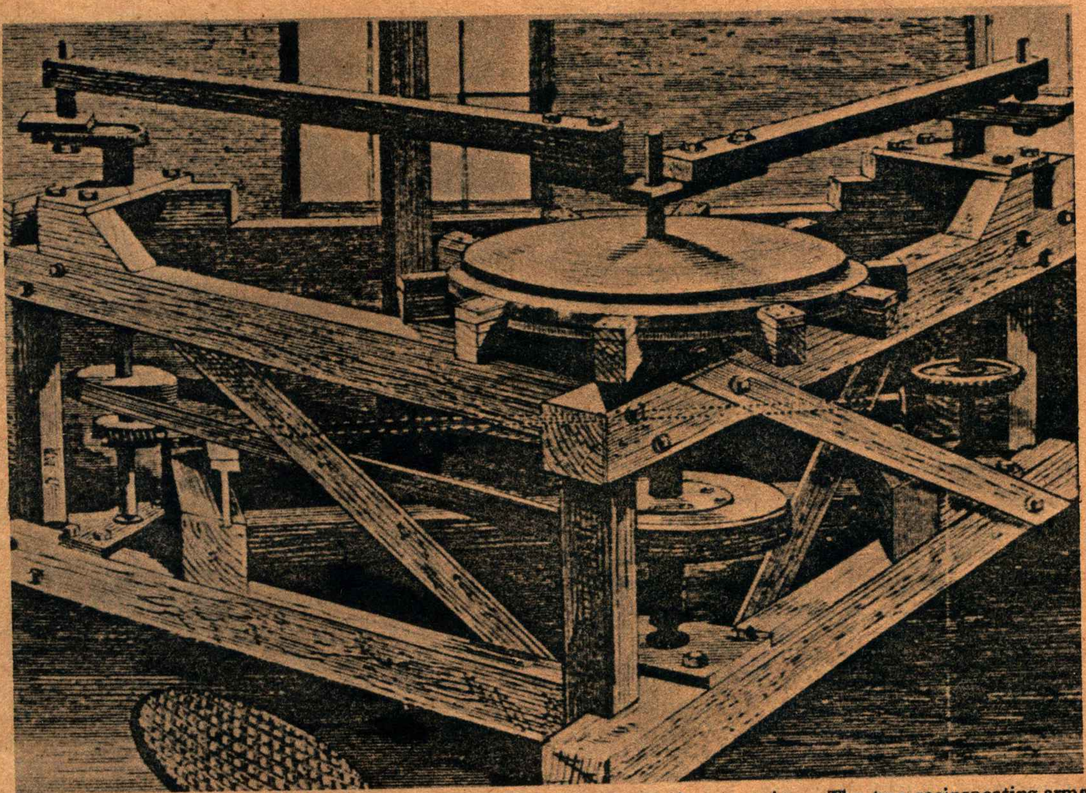
Indeed, the large reflectors of the twentieth century, though immeasurably useful in their studies of the stars, never earned their keep as far as planetary observations were concerned. The turbulence of the air limited the detail that could be seen and enlarging the image enlarged the turbulence, too. When the time came that the problem was indeed settled and the controversy over the Martian canals was finally put to rest, it was to be through advances as far beyond the telescopes of 1911 as those were beyond the unaided eye.

Dwarfing the Leviathan at Last

THE accomplishments of the Mount Wilson reflector did not satisfy Hale. He was after bigger game and after bigger telescopes to catch that game. He had built the 153-centimeter (60-inch) reflector largely because a mirror-plate of that size had been available, but he had set his sights higher.

Even while that reflector was being built, a Los Angeles businessman, J. D. Hooker, had promised Hale $45,000 toward a 212-centimeter (84-inch) mirror. Anxious to have his name attached to the largest telescope ever built (one even larger than Rosse's Leviathan) and to make sure that it would not be too soon surpassed, he even increased the grant to make a 254-centimeter (100-inch) mirror possible.

It wasn't at all easy to get a piece of glass weighing nearly 5000 kilograms and of the requisite quality. The same glassworks in France that had supplied the 153-centimeter mirror was, however, willing to tackle the



Alvan Clark and sons used this machine to polish the 36-inch Lick telescope mirror. The two reciprocating arms move the pitch-faced polishing lap (similar to the one seen on the floor) while the lens in its wooden cradle is rotated from below. This principle of operation has been used in both the very early and most modern machines, though often only one crank is used and the single drive arm extends beyond the work to a support in which it slides. *Scientific American* cover, September, 1887.

larger job. They were the only ones who were.

Meanwhile, the American astronomer and telescope-maker John Alfred Brashear (1840-1920) was engaged in the most ambitious undertaking of his life. He had been among the first to devise a practical method of silvering telescope mirrors and his technique is still used by amateur telescopists. He also produced the fine surfaces on which Rowland ruled some of his most closely spaced gratings for spectroscopic work. Now he, too, engaged in an attempt to outclass the Mount Wilson telescope. He was producing a 183-centimeter (72-inch) mirror for a reflector to be set up at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, located some 11 kilometers (7 miles) north of Victoria, British Columbia.

The first mirror-plate produced for Hale's 254-centimeter (100-inch) reflector arrived in Pasadena in 1908, but it was dismissed as useless. It had innumerable tiny air bubbles and the glass had partially crystallized so that it was doubtful if it could withstand polishing at all let alone be brought to the necessary perfection of curvature. The glassworks in France produced other mirror-plates, each one imperfect, and then World War I began and all chance of doing anything for the duration disappeared.

In sheer desperation Hooker returned to the first mirror-plate he had received. Close examination showed that the air bubbles were not near the surface and might not, perhaps, affect the polishing—and that the partial crystallization might not affect it either. At any rate, it was decided to try. Month after month, the polishing went on while the tube and the controls of the telescope were designed and constructed.

While this went on, Brashear's mirror and the telescope housing it (which had also been delayed by World War I) was completed and put into operation in 1918. It was the largest telescope in the world when astronomers looked through it for the first time and the first to match Rosse's great telescope. It was, of course, infinitely superior to Rosse's instrument and it marked a new advance in that it made use of an aluminum mirror-coating rather than a silver one. An aluminum film reflects some 82 percent of the light that falls on it as compared with 65 percent for a fresh silver coating.

But Hale's project was succeeding, too. Despite early misgivings everything worked. In the end, the 254-centimeter (100-inch) mirror was completed and proved excellent. The entire telescope, weighing 90,000 kilograms (100 tons), could be handled easily and made to follow the stars with great precision.

The Hooker telescope came into operation toward the end of 1918, and this brought to a close the very short reign of Brashear's instrument as the largest in the world. The Hooker telescope was the first to dwarf Rosse's Leviathan—after three quarters of a century.

The Hooker telescope was the first instrument, and the only one for three more decades, that could supply the necessary information that would serve to determine the actual size of the Galaxy and our own location in it.

The story of the conquest of the Galaxy begins, of course, before the coming of the Hooker telescope, even long before. It begins with the discovery of certain variable stars whose light dimmed and brightened regularly. In 1784 the Dutch-English astronomer John Goodricke (1964-1786), a deaf mute who died at twenty-one, noted the regular variability of the star Delta Cephei, the light of which rose and fell in a distinctive pattern every 5.37 days.

As time went on, other stars were discovered that varied in the same regular pattern that Delta Cephei did, with periods of anywhere from two days to forty-five days, a period of about a week being particularly common. The stars of this sort were called "Cepheid variables" or just "Cepheids" after the first example of this sort which had been known. By the time the Hooker telescope had come into operation about 170 Cepheids were known.

Some Cepheids were brighter than others and some had longer periods than others. There seemed no correlation between the two, since there could be bright Cepheids and dim Cepheids with periods over the entire range, too.

Of course, the brightness depended upon the distance of the stars as well as upon their intrinsic luminosity. If the distances of the Cepheids were known, the actual luminosity of the stars could be worked out and then some relationship between luminosity and period could be worked out. The trouble was that not a single Cepheid was close enough to have its distance determined by the method of parallax.

In 1912, however, the American astronomer Henrietta Leavitt Swan (1868-1921), working at the observatory in Arequipa in Peru, initiated a new type of Cepheid study. From Arequipa it is possible to study sections of the sky invisible from observatories farther north, and she was particularly interested in photographing the two Magellanic clouds.

These objects, which look like detached portions of the Milky Way, were first described in 1521 by the chronicler accompanying Magellan's voyage of circumnavigation of the globe—whence their names. They are clusters of stars that seem to be separate from the main body of the Galaxy—satellite galaxies, so to speak.

Leavitt, studying the smaller Magellanic cloud, became interested in the Cepheid variables, hundreds of them, which she could see there. If the smaller Magellanic cloud was indeed very far from us, and was separated from us by a distance compared with which its own thickness is small, then all the Cepheids it contains would be at roughly the same distance from us. (Just as all the people in Chicago are at roughly the same distance from New York, regardless of what part of Chicago they may be in.)

In that case, the variation in brightness of the Cepheids in the smaller Magellanic cloud reflects their luminosity, since there are no differences in distance to confuse the issue. In 1912 Leavitt noticed that in the smaller Magellanic cloud, the brighter a Cepheid, the longer its period, the relationship being quite a regular one.

This luminosity-period relationship

could be used as a yardstick for distances far greater than those that could be plumbed by parallax. If two Cepheids vary in period, the relative luminosities can be determined, and it can be assumed that the fainter of the two must be further away. Indeed, the relative distances of all Cepheids can be determined.

The reason for the luminosity-period relationship was worked out by the English astronomer Arthur Stanley Eddington (1882-1944). He began with the assumption that the sun, and the stars generally, were gaseous throughout. (This had been suggested first in 1911, by reasoning from the nature of the spectra, by the American astronomer Charles Greeley Abbott (1872-1973).) In that case, Eddington reasoned that the gravitational pull inward, tending to collapse the star, was balanced by the expansive effect of the central temperatures, and this would have to be in the millions of degrees to serve the purpose.

The more massive the star, the greater the internal temperature and, therefore, the brighter the star. This "mass-luminosity law" was finally announced in 1924. Eddington also showed that under certain conditions there could be an oscillation in which, first, the gravitational pull inward predominates and then the temperature-expansion effect forces the surface layers outward. The Cepheids dim and brighten in a regular way because of this pulsation. The more massive the star, the brighter, and, at the same time, the slower the pulsation—hence Leavitt's luminosity-period relationship.

Even before Eddington had worked out the rationale behind the Cepheids, the American astronomer Harlow Shapley (1885-1972) had put them to magnificent use.

He was interested in globular clusters, dense packings of anywhere from 10,000 to 1,000,000 stars. The first of these clusters had been discovered by William Herschel and by the opening of the twentieth century nearly a hundred were known. The odd thing about them was that they were not distributed evenly across the sky, or even evenly along the Milky Way (which contains the vast majority of the stars of the Galaxy). Instead, almost all were in a particular half of the sky, and one third of them were within the bounds of a single constellation, Sagittarius, which makes up only 2 percent of the sky. The first to comment on this maldistribution was John Herschel, the son of William.

Shapley suggested that the globular clusters were, in actual fact, symmetrically distributed, themselves forming a larger "cluster of clusters" centered about the center of the Galaxy. It was we, ourselves, who produced the asymmetry. It was our sun and the solar system that were located far from the center of the Galaxy. Therefore, looking in the direction of Sagittarius where, presumably, the center was located, we took in most of the globular cluster of clusters.

This argument, which was the first to suggest that our solar system was located far from the center of the Galaxy, ran counter to the fact that the Milky Way formed a more or less uniform band about the sky. From this observation, astronomers ever since Herschel's time had argued that the solar system must be located near the center of the Galaxy.

Shapley therefore needed good observational evidence before his hypothesis could be taken seriously. For this, he used the new Hooker telescope and began a painstaking program of photographing globular clusters and locating the various Cepheids within them. Arguing that a Cepheid of a certain period would have the same luminosity no matter which cluster it was in, the difference in brightness of Cepheids of a given period in various clusters would indicate the difference in distance.

In this way, Shapley could form a three-dimensional model of the clusters and could show that they were indeed globularly distributed about some center far from the solar system. It seemed only logical to suppose that center to be the center of the Galaxy.

But how, then, account for the even band of the Milky Way around the sky? To be sure it was particularly bright in the direction of Sagittarius, but if the galactic center were in that direction, the Milky Way should be enormously more bright there.

As it happens, there exist patches in the sky where no stars can be seen. These had been noted in the Milky Way by William Herschel, who had said of one, "Surely, this is a hole in the heavens."

As more and more of these regions were studied, it began to seem more and more improbable that such regions, unexplainably empty of stars, could exist in such numbers and that all should just happen to be so angled that we could look into the "hole." By 1919 Barnard had listed the position of 182 such dark regions.

Barnard (and, independently, Max Wolf) concluded that those "holes" were dark nebulae, regions of dust and gas that lacked any stars within them to light them as the Orion nebula was lighted. The dark nebulae hid the stars behind them, and it was easy for Shapley to use this newly presented suggestion to argue that these dust clouds, concentrated in the Milky Way region, hid and blocked off the light of the galactic center and left us with the vision of only our neighborhood of the Galaxy, within which there seemed an evenly distributed Milky Way.

By a statistical analysis of the speed of recession or approach of many Cepheids, Hertzsprung had estimated the distances to certain Cepheids in 1913, and therefore by use of the luminosity-period relationship, the distance to any Cepheid could be calculated. It turned out that the Cepheids are large, bright stars. A Cepheid with the common period of a week is 600 times as luminous as the sun.

Shapley made use of Hertzsprung's findings to determine the actual (and not merely relative) distance of the clusters. In 1920 he announced the first picture of the "asymmetric galaxy," one which we still accept as correct.

His suggested dimensions have had to be reduced somewhat as later data and analyses were made, and we now accept the fact that the Milky Way galaxy is a lens-shaped object about 100,000 light-years across its long diameter, with a globular nucleus about 16,000 light-years in diameter at its center, and with far-stretching spiral arms in one of which our solar system is located.

The solar system is about 27,000 light-years from the center of the Galaxy and our spiral arm is about 3000 light-years thick in our position. The sphere of globular clusters centered about the center of the Galaxy has an overall diameter of 100,000 light-years. It was eventually also shown that the Galaxy consisted of over a hundred billion stars, all rotating about the center in a stately average period of some 230 million years.

Shapley had also used the Cepheid yardstick, in 1918, to show that the large Magellanic cloud was about 155,000 light-years away from us and the small Magellanic cloud about 165,000 light-years. The former, some 40,000 light-years in extreme diameter, contained no more than 5 to 10 billion stars and the small Magellanic cloud only 1 to 2 billion stars.

The Hooker telescope, which thus revealed the true size and nature of the Galaxy for the first time, also made possible some astonishing discoveries concerning individual stars.

In 1881 the German-American physicist Albert Abraham Michelson (1852-1931) had invented the "interferometer." This was a device which could take a single ray of light, split it in two, and bring it back together again in such a way that the two rays would "interfere" with each other, producing alternate bands, or "fringes," of light and dark. From the appearance and disappearance of such fringes, and from the width of each, enormously delicate inferences could be made.

By 1890 Michelson knew that if the light from a star was thus split in two and brought together again, conclusions could be drawn about the actual diameter of the star. If the star were a point source, all the rays of light would be parallel and no fringes could be obtained. The larger it was, the more non-parallel the rays of light would be (the rays from one side of the star would approach from a slightly different direction than would those from the opposite side) and this would show up in the interferometer.

What was needed was a telescope large enough to magnify the size of a star to the point where the delicate interferometer could begin to produce the necessary fringes. With the coming of the Hooker telescope that was supplied.

In 1920 an interferometer arrangement was connected to the telescope and used, first, to measure the distance between close binaries more delicately than could be done directly either by eye or by camera. Then, on December 13, 1920, the attempt was made to measure the diameter of Betelgeuse, one of the bright stars of Orion. It was chosen because its combination of brightness and redness made it appear, according to Hertzsprung's reasoning, to be a very large star.

Hertzsprung proved to be correct. Betelgeuse was found to have a diameter of 0.045 seconds of arc. This is too small to be directly measured by optical observation (it would take 40,000 objects this size, side by side, to stretch across the face of the full moon). Nevertheless, allowing for the distance of the star, this tiny apparent diameter meant that Betelgeuse had an actual diameter of 300,000,000 miles, about 350 times the diameter of the sun.

Other red giants were found to be of similar size. Mira had a diameter calculated to be 400,000,000 miles.

The measurement told astronomers nothing they were not prepared to accept from less direct observations, but it was a dramatic event that made the front page of the *New York Times*. And it was one more way of putting the solar system, the Earth, and mankind into its proper negligible place in the universe.

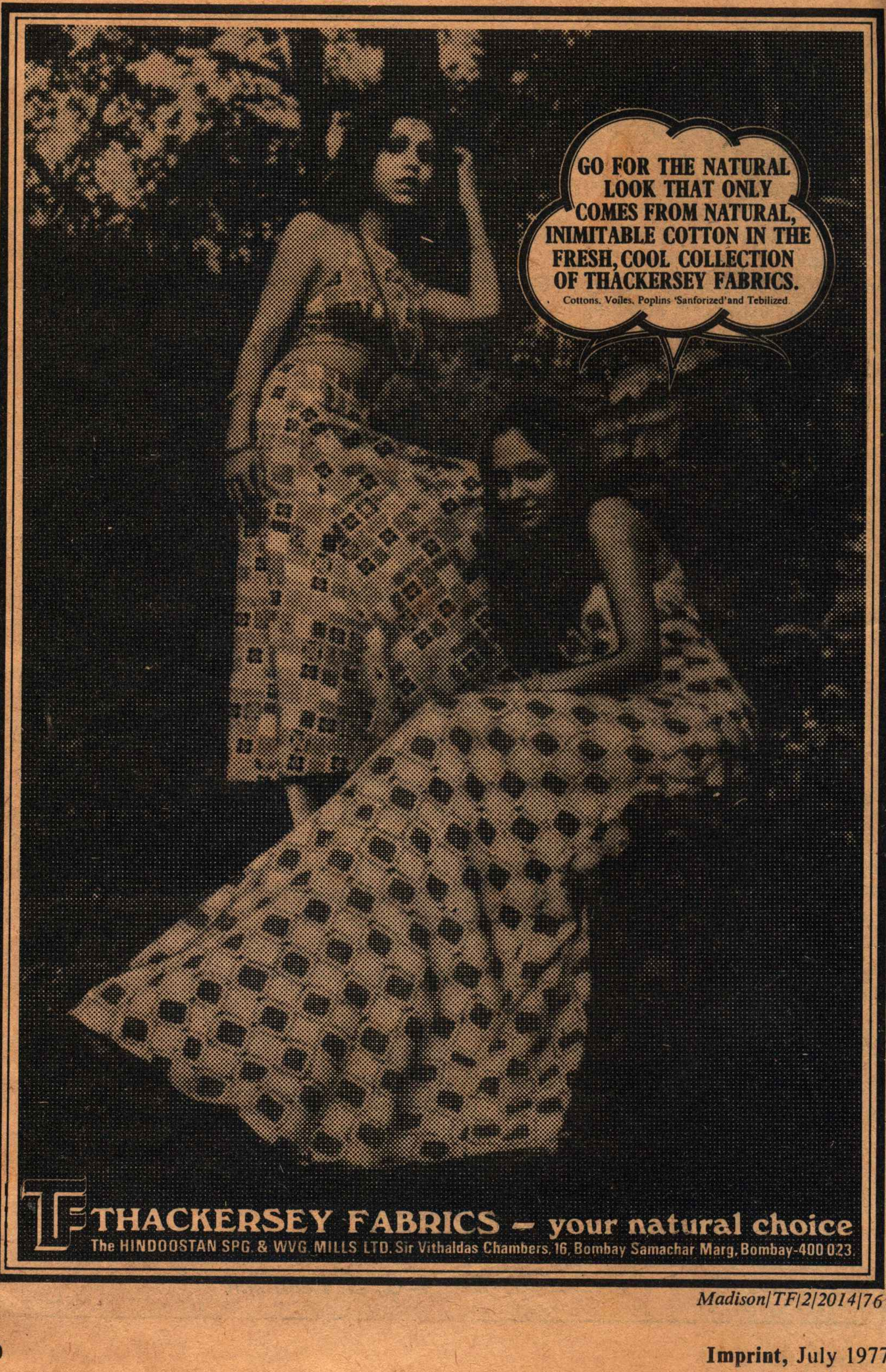
THE CHESTNUT TREE

I watched the chestnut tree perform
Its graceful ritual dance.
Excited by the wind and storm,
The branches, which the flowers adorn
Were swaying as in ecstasy
As if the spirit of the tree
Was trying to enhance
The magic of its fantasy
And all the world entrance.

The wind now drops, the dancers pause,
No more by madness all obsessed
Yet rustling throbbing soft applause
Is heard like echoes of encores.
Whatever brought this perfect phase
And made the frenzied curtsies cease
Has with new beauty incandesced
The tree; and with this brought release
From wildness, and with rest has blessed.

Just like that tree, 'till then I'd found
No calm, no rest, no peace.
But every day a frantic round,
The caprice of the pleasure ground:
Until, one day God poured on me,
His love and calm, so wondrously
I knew a full release.
A joy no one could take away
A peace that does not cease.

—G. D. Lehmann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DECLINE AND FALL OF INDIRA GANDHI*

By
D. R. Mankekar
Kamla Mankekar

1

THE CURTAIN GOES UP

THE CURTAIN GOES UP, on June 12, 1975, on a court-room in Allahabad, jam-packed with eager spectators. The weather is sultry, oppressive. Atmosphere in the court-room tense, buzzing with expectancy.

It is judgment day for Indira Gandhi in the poll petition against her, filed by Raj Narain, her never-say-die adversary, in the Rae Bareli electoral contest in the 1971 elections. The case had dragged on for well nigh three years from adjournment to adjournment, from one judge to another.

Just before 10 o'clock, an immaculately dressed *peshkar* appears in the court-room and conveys a message from the judge to those assembled. The message warns them not to demonstrate or shout slogans when the judge delivers judgement. That significant warning heightens tension in the court room.

At the stroke of 10, Justice Jag Mohan Lal Sinha enters the court from the rear-door and takes his seat on the dais. The advocates and spectators all rise. A hush falls on the court.

The judge's eyes quickly rove over the assembly in front of him and he then announces:

"I will read out only my findings on the various issues involved in the case and not the entire judgment (running to 259 foolscap pages)".

Amid pin-drop silence, the judge intones: "The petition is allowed". And despite his warning, and to his great embarrassment, the audience bursts into applause.

Then comes the fateful pronouncement: Mrs Indira Gandhi is disenfranchised for six years. The rest of the judge's words are drowned. The tumult in the court-room is uncontrollable. The spectators are dizzy with excitement, almost hysterical–even the hard-boiled reporters and lawyers unbend.

It takes Justice Sinha less than five minutes to read out his verdict. He then retires to his chamber. With constraints thus removed, the spectators let themselves go. Bedlam is let loose. They shout slogans, dance, embrace and congratulate each other, and shake heads in disbelief, wonder and amazement.

Shanti Bhushan, Raj Narain's counsel, is not there to bask in the glory. Unavoidable professional business has taken him away elsewhere. His junior is standing in for him. Mrs. Gandhi's

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counsel S.C. Khare looks stunned and dazed, all colour drained off his face. Khare suddenly shakes himself up, elbows out of the court-room, and steps into Justice Sinha's chamber to submit a petition for staying the execution of the verdict. The judge promptly grants an absolute stay for 20 days.

The judgment holds Mrs. Gandhi guilty of corrupt practice under Section 123 (7) of the Representation of the People Act, on 2 counts:

(a) obtaining assistance of government officers for constructing rostrums and supplying power for loudspeakers at the meetings addressed by Mrs. Gandhi in Rae Bareli on Ferbuary 1 and February 25 1971; and

(b) obtaining and procuring the assistance of Mr. Yashpal Kapur during the period from January 7, 1971 to January 24, 1971, in furtherance of Mrs. Gandhi's election prospects when Mr. Yashpal Kapur was still a gazetted officer in the service of the Government of India holding the post of Officer on Special Duty in the Prime Minister's secretariat.

The judge however acquits Mrs. Gandhi of the other charges made against her by Raj Narain. The judge holds that she did not exceed the prescribed ceiling on election expenses, nor did she bribe the voters with gifts and free conveyance. He does not even hold her use of IAF aircraft and helicopters on her election journeys to be a corrupt practice. He also rejects the charge that the use of the cow-and-calf symbol amounted to exploitation of the religious sentiments of voters and was therefore an exercise in corruption.

Convicting Mrs. Gandhi of the two aforestated charges, the judge allows the petition and declares Mrs. Gandhi's election void and disqualifies her for a period of six years from the date of his order, as provided in Section 8A of the Representation of the People Act.

Six hundred kilometres away, in New Delhi, the Union Capital, the news of the Allahabad verdict comes as a stunning shock. Indeed the entire country is agog with the incredible news: the Prime Minister is disenfranchised! Security arrangements around No. 1 Safdarjung Road are reinforced. Truckloads of policemen are unloaded and positioned all over the area. Party leaders and legal experts drive in and out, as intense confabulations are held by Mrs. Gandhi. Organised pro-Indira demonstrations have already started outside. On June 13, by which time the well-oiled Congress organisational machinery has gone into action, only 380 out of 1,400 DTC buses are on the road. The rest have been detailed to bring crowds to the "people's" rallies outside the Prime Minister's house.

With the Government's election promises unfulfilled, corruption in public life rising like a tide, the country's economy slipping, prices soaring and common man's lot becoming more and more intolerable, entire northern and western India is in a state of political turmoil. The J.P. movement is spreading from Gujarat and Bihar to other parts of the land, and is rising in tempo. In this brittle atmosphere, the news from Allahabad falls like a spanner on a sheet of glass.

Mrs. Gandhi is impaled on an excruciating dilemma. Some friends and well-wishers advise her to bow to the Allahabad judgment and temporarily vacate her office until the Supreme Court gives its final verdict. She smiles at them and their suggestion. They go back with the feeling that she has accepted their advice.

Other friends and well-wishers also come and advise her to stand firm and not to resign. To them also she smiles. And they go back convinced that she has accepted their advice. Among these latter is P. N. Haksar who, soon upon hearing the news, rushed to No. 1 Safdarjung Road and assured her that in his view she should ignore the Allahabad judgment and stay put.

Others may advise one way or the other. But it is she who has to make the decision. It is a lone battle she is fighting. Whatever decision she takes, the consequences can be fateful and far-reaching. As the battle rages in her mind, it is Sanjay Gandhi, her youngest son, who rushes to her side and exhorts his mother to stay put and says, "We will fight it together." In this great crisis in Mrs Gandhi's career, Sanjay proves a pillar of strength to her and source of counsel and courage, according to her own statement later.

Unimpeachable evidence available shows that, contrary to the press reports at the time, at no time did Mrs. Gandhi seriously consider resignation, temporarily or otherwise, from the Primeministership following the release of the Allahabad verdict. Indeed, there is evidence of a "contingency plan" discussed a month earlier, in case the Allahabad High Court gave an adverse judgment. One confidant even talked of a likely suspension of the Constitution if need be. The possibility of promulgation of an internal emergency has also been discussed.

The trend of the proceedings in Justice Jag Mohan Lal Sinha's court made many in the Prime Minister's camp feel insecure, and hence the talk of "contingency plans". If the slightest thought of resignation, temporary or otherwise, was entertained at that time or later, the language of despair such as 'contingency plan' or 'suspension of the Constitution' could not have been used.

Her friends and well-wishers got away with the impression that their advice that she should step down had been accepted by Mrs. Gandhi.

So far as Mrs Gandhi is concerned, her mind has been made up and clear. The security arrangements around No. 1 Safdarjung Road taken in hand from the night of June 11 and the conference of Police top brass at the P.M.'s house on the morning of June 12, much before the Allahabad flash landed in New Delhi, reinforced the impression.

Sanjay straightway issues orders and Yash Kapur and Arjan Das are out in the field, and by evening, the same day, "spontaneous" rallies outside the Prime Minister's house have begun. Five rallies a day is the programme. It is decided that DTC buses must be mobilised to bring the crowds. Entire Delhi Congress machinery is put into use. One cannot help admiring the organising genius behind it all, and the speed and smooth efficiency with which it is all done.

That day, June 12, 1975, the political tension in the atmosphere is further intensified with the release of the Gujarat state election results, which went against the Congress. And early that morning, D.P. Dhar dies in Delhi. He had stayed in Delhi from his Moscow assignment to be beside Mrs. Gandhi during this critical hour, and had died before Allahabad verdict was out.

At this point her proverbial instinct of self-preservation asserts itself and sweeps aside every other consideration.

Once before, in 1969, when the 'Old Guard' of the Congress Party had tried to put the reins on her–and when she defied them, they threatened her expulsion–Mrs. Gandhi had demonstrated her unique genius to fight back when pushed to the wall, and carry the war into the enemy's camp. Then she had proved a past-master of the politics of survival.

The mild, non-violent, old-fashioned Nijalingappa, the then Congress President, had proved no match to her blitzkrieg tactics. An ailing person, on whom the Congress presidentship had been thrust by Mrs. Gandhi some months earlier, was then a reluctant fighter, whose blood pressure shot up every time she outwitted him and scored point after point off him. Nor were the rest of the "Syndicate" ready for war. Her dexterity in battle, kept them bewildered; they even admired her tactics; they however felt pained at the lack of scruples she displayed in battle, which they thought was not cricket, where erstwhile brothers were involved.

She outmanoeuvred them and routed their forces in no time. And then at once trimmed her political sails to the leftward wind. Reduced to a minority government and needing new adherents for her government's survival, she assiduously wooed and won the Communist Party's support in the Lok Sabha. Apart from the nationalisation of banks, she nationalised general insurance and pursued, with much fanfare, a legislation for the Abolition of the Princely Privy Purses, even though earlier, before the great Schism in the Congress Party, she had favoured a milder measure that only sought to do away with the Princely privileges.

With such populist and leftist measures she kept the Communists and leftists in the Lok Sabha in good humour and cleverly stabilised the position of her minority government until the next general elections. In the 1971 elections, she came back with a thumping majority and then dictated her own terms to the CPI on whom she had, earlier, so abjectly depended for sustenance in the previous Lok Sabha.

Now, in 1975, once again fighting with her back to the wall, Mrs. Gadnhi's instincts of self-preservation are thoroughly roused. Indeed, this time, she excels her own earlier performance, and fights back with reckless courage and a furious will to survive that leaves her political adversaries aghast.

The news of the Allahabad judgment flashes into Delhi by 10.15 a.m. By 8 o'clock that evening, Mrs. Gandhi's mind is made up she would stick to her post, come what may. Thereafter there is no looking back. The die is cast. Her cabal meets and discusses late into the night the various possibilities flowing from her decision to stay put.

Prominent among her advisers at this stage are Sidhartha Shankar Ray, Chief Minister of West Bengal, and Rajni Patel, Bombay Pradesh Congress chief. An entirely new strategy is now chalked out. The linch-pin of the daring plot is a proclamation of an internal emergency in the country–an idea born out of the fertile brain of Sidhartha Shankar Ray, and fully seconded by Rajni Patel.

At this stage, the Law Minister H.R. Gokhale is kept entirely in the dark about the grave decision, and later it is reported, he is reproved by Mrs. Gandhi for failing to think up such an easy way out of the sticky situation, namely the possibility of proclaiming an internal emergency, as it is his duty to do, as Law Minister! Indeed, the entire Cabinet is unaware of the fateful unilateral decision of the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister's bungalow at No. 1 Safdarjung Road now resembles a beseiged fortress. Double barricades of steel piping have gone around the adjacent spacious traffic island, the popular venue of rallies. Personnel of the Central Reserve Police, Haryana and Delhi Armed Police, the Border Security Force, apart from hundreds of plainclothesmen, have been dispersed over the entire area. They guard every road and intersection leading to No. 1 Safdarjung Road. A larger-than-life picture of Mrs. Gandhi donated by the Nehru Brigade, looks down upon the scene.

Indeed, it is reported in the Press that an hour before the Allahabad judgment was released, the entire top brass of Delhi Police assembled at the Prime Minister's house. For there was an advance inkling available in Delhi that the judgment would be adverse to Mrs. Gandhi. They had the difficult task of anticipating public reactions to such a judgment and plan a strategy to tackle such an eventuality. In fact, the Police had been alerted the previous night and pickets posted at markets, public squares and other vulnerable localities.

That very evening Congress members of Parliament go to the Prime Minister's house in a motorcade to demonstrate their solidarity and loyalty to Mrs. Gandhi as their leader. The same evening Mrs. Gandhi announces her decision to continue in office on the strength of the 20-day stay order granted by Justice Sinha. The Congress Parliamentary Board at once endorses her decision.

Now the battle lines are drawn. From Patna, the day after the Allahabad judgment, Jayaprakash Narayan thunders: Mrs. Gandhi's failure to bow to the high court verdict would be "not only against the law as found by the Allahabad High Court, but against all public decency and democratic practice."

That very night, Opposition leaders start a dharna outside Rashtrapati Bhavan, demanding Mrs. Gandhi's resignation from the premiership. The President is away in Kashmir. The dharna goes on till June 16 when the President flies back to the capital. He meets the satyagrahis and listens to their demand, but has nothing particular to say in response.

Congress engines of propaganda open up full blast. Truckloads of hired crowds outside her house demonstrate "public support" for the Prime Minister, throw garlands at her and chant somewhat irrelevantly: *"Lathi goli khayenge, per aap ko bachayenge"* ("We will face lathis and bullets, but will save you"!).

Addressing a meeting outside her house, on June 14, Mrs. Gandhi declares: "Let it not be forgotten that I am accustomed to facing challenges coolly." She refers to the "insults and insinuations" hurled at her by the Opposition and declares that the Opposition want "to finish me off", but "I have never cared for it at all." She says she drew her strength from the people.

On June 15, newspapers publish a news item which states: "Mrs. Gandhi will continue in office till the Supreme Court finally decides on her appeal, it is authoritatively learnt." Now that she has made the decision, Mrs. Gandhi seems cool and composed.

Almost the entire Press advises Mrs. Gandhi to bow to the court's verdict and resign. The Opposition parties have already started agitating for it.

A Congress Parliamentary party meeting, convened posthaste on June 18, attended by 450 out of 494 members, adopts a resolution affirming the "fullest confidence in her (Mrs. Gandhi) and declaring her continued leadership as Prime Minister is "indispensable for the nation." It is proposed by Jagjivan Ram and seconded by Yeshwantrao Chavan.

Congress President Barooah declares: "The judgment in no way diminishes the moral authority of the Prime Minister" and that the "firm desire" of the people "provides justification for her continuance in office." "We have lost a battle. We must prepare to win the war," is the war cry the Congress President gives to his party men as well as the people—by now the distinction between the two is fast vanishing even as Indira is becoming India.

It is at this meeting that the Congress President Dev Kant Barooah coins the classic aphorism "India is Indira, Indira is India". Addressing the meeting, Mrs. Gandhi declares, "My continuance does not depend on what the Opposition demands but on what my own party and the people want."

J.P. retorts. "The point at issue is not whether Congress M.Ps have faith in Mrs. Gandhi's leadership, but whether there is rule of law in the country and whether it applies to everyone, high or low." The tempo of battle rises.

Now the Congress Party prepares the "grand slam" of their campaign, "the greatest ever" in history, an "Indira spectacular", a gigantic all-India rally, to be held in New Delhi on June 20, "to show to the world and the Opposition." At this rally they expect no fewer than ten lakh people to assemble in the Capital from all parts of the country, to express their support to Mrs. Gandhi. The Opposition however laments that this exercise would cost the country no less than rupees one crore.

On June 20, all roads in the Capital lead to the Boat Club lawns and "Indira Specials" trains from east, west, north and south India, converge on Delhi. A thousand buses loaded with slogan-shouting men and women, in a great holiday mood (a paid-and-all-found outing) arrive from Punjab alone. People come in tractors, private cars, public buses and trucks. A dozen battalions of B.S.F. are brought in to manage the crowds, while C.R.P. men are put on duty everywhere.

A special 12-ft high rostrum is set up, bedecked with posters carrying portraits of Mrs. Gandhi, serving as a backdrop. The arrangements are reported to be personally supervised by Lt. Governor Kishen Chand. A team of senior officers of the Delhi Administration are put on duty at the place round the clock to ensure that the rally becomes a thumping success. The entire government machinery has been commandeered to organise the rally. The organisers beam with pleasure when Sanjay Gandhi inspects the arrangements and nods his approval.

The crowds raise deafening cheers and shout zindabads, as Mrs. Gandhi goes up to the mike and surveys with satisfaction the mighty concourse of humanity in front of her (now computed by the party managers to be over 15 lakhs). In her speech, she once again refers to the "villification campaign" against her conducted by the Opposition and repeats her charges of a "campaign to remove me" and of a "well thought out conspiracy involving powerful forces both inside and outside the country." Big forces, she adds, are engineering a coup to destroy her. "These parties", she says, have the backing of the Press and "enjoy a unique freedom to distort facts and spread lies." "The question is not whether I live or die, but one of national interest" she declaims, raising her voice dramatically.

One of the Congress secretaries emphasises the national character of the rally. She says, "People from Kashmir to Kerala, Assam to Punjab have come travelling thousands of miles to express support for our beloved leader, Smt. Indira Gandhi." One newspaper reporter however claims in his report that he could spot a few local faces under the red-rimmed conical straw hats worn by a group of women who were stated to have come from Assam!

Delhi TV carries a 25-minute live report of the rally. During ten days after the Allahabad judgment, Delhi TV shot 21,000 ft of film in covering pro-Indira rallies around her house (film costs Rs.33 for 100 ft).

Meanwhile, on June 23, Mrs. Gandhi files before the vacation judge, Justice Krishna Iyer, an application for an absolute stay order which would allow her to retain both her seat in Parliament and Prime Ministership, until the Supreme Court disposes of her appeal. The very next day, Justice Iyer pronounces his orders. The orders grant Mrs. Gandhi only a conditional stay, allowing her to retain the premiership and to address Parliament in that capacity, but she cannot vote or draw salary as a member of Parliament. These orders, far from improving her position, make it worse and more humiliating.

"I propose to direct a stay substantially on the same lines as have been made in earlier similar cases, modified by the compulsive necessities of this case," Justice Iyer says. He had at first been disposed to prolong the absolute stay granted by the high court, but on fuller reflection he had hesitated to take that course as "the high court's finding, until upset, holds good, however weak it may ultimately prove." As the appeal was likely to be disposed of in two or three months, there were advantages in "the continuance of the same team which is animated by the presence of the key personality within the council of ministers." To do otherwise would have grievous consequences for Mrs. Gandhi, for although she might eventually be vindicated by the Supreme Court, in politics "power lost is not necessarily followed, after legal victory, by power regained."

That same evening, non-CPI Opposition leaders announce a seven-point programme, which include their MPs meeting the President to press their demand for the Prime Minister's resignation. The observance of a "Resignation Demand Week" from June 15 to 22 is announced.

2

THE RUBICON IS CROSSED

ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 25, as Mrs. Gandhi's cabal at No. 1 Safdarjung Road were hatching the plot to impose a rigorous emergency on the country, Jayaprakash Narayan was addressing a historic mass meeting at Ramlila Grounds.

J.P. announced to the people a programme of civil disobedience in the capital and other cities of the country. He repeated his exhortation to the Police and the Army not to obey illegal orders. He asked the students "to walk out of class rooms and walk into jails."

He suggested to the Chief Justice of India A.N. Ray that it would not be in his personal interest to sit on the Division Bench of the Supreme Court which would hear Mrs. Gandhi's appeal, as he was obliged to the Prime Minister for his appointment.

He said that the people should know that Mrs. Gandhi had uttered no less than 27 lies in court during her evidence, that is, a lie every fifteen minutes.

He demanded that the Khosla Committee's report recommending a reorganisation of the Police should be implemented.

And he added that if Mrs. Gandhi felt he was preaching treason, she was free to bring charges of treason against him and try him.

"This is India. There can't be a Mujib here," Jayaprakash declared (a reference to Mujib's action in Bangladesh in converting its constitution from parliamentary to presidential system and installing a one-party rule). J.P. said such people would not be tolerated in India.

Meanwhile, as darkness fell, at 8.30 p.m., Mrs. Gandhi, accompanied by Sidhartha Shankar Ray, motored to Rashtrapati Bhavan, informally to intimate to President Fakruddin Ali Ahmed her decision to proclaim an internal emergency. At 11 p.m. Home Minister Brahmananda Reddy is called to the PM's house and told about the decision. At 11.30 p.m. a special messenger takes the document of proclamation of Emergency to the President. The President having been intimated about it earlier, promptly signed it. Significantly enough, the document does not bear any date.

It was not until 6 o'clock the next morning that the Cabinet was convened to be informed about the proclamation of Emergency in the country. Long before that, starting from midnight and in some cases earlier, Opposition leaders were rounded up. Jayaprakash Narayan and Morarji Desai were woken up in their beds around 3 a.m. The arrests went on till late on June 26.

At 5 a.m. telephones rang in the Ministers' houses, dragging them out of their beds, to call them to a Cabinet meeting at 6 a.m. Indeed, Dr. Karan Singh arrived late at the meeting. He could not get the message immediately, because he had no phone connection in his bedroom.

As they drove to the Prime Minister's house, the Ministers excitedly speculated on the reasons for the meeting at such short notice. Some thought it had something to do with devising counter-measures against the threat held out overnight by Jayaprakash Narayan at the Ramlila Grounds meeting of gheraoing the Prime Minister's house in pursuance of the Opposition's demand for her resignation following the Allahabad judgement.

The Cabinet meeting lasted just fiften minutes. A grim-faced, tensed-up Prime Minister briefly announced the proclamation of emergency, signed overnight by the President. She said things were getting out of hand and the declaration of emergency was imperative. She then asked Home Secretary Khurana to read out the text of the proclamation and Minister of State for Home, Om Mehta, to explain the background.

The Ministers assembled were shocked out of their wits. There was not a whimper. No one even asked a question, let alone protest. After a couple of minutes, Swaran Singh regained balance and tried to seek some clarifications. The External Emergency was already on the statute book, he said, could not the Government take the desired steps under it? Was there the need for the declaration of another emergency? How long did the Prime Minister propose to continue these restrictions?

The Prime Minister tersely drew Swaran Singh's attention to Jayaprakash Narayan's speech overnight, in the course of which he had threatened gherao at her house. Mrs. Gandhi also informed the Cabinet that strict censorship would be imposed in the country.

While the Cabinet meeting was going on, Sanjay Gandhi was pacing up and down outside, along with the security entourage, as though keeping a watchful eye on the Ministers' behaviour at the Cabinet meeting!

It was reported that some 400 warrants were signed overnight. Since the proclamation of emergency itself was signed at 8.30 p.m., the orders for the arrest of Opposition leaders all over this vast country could be conveyed at the earliest at about 10 p.m.

Thus it is clearly established that the proclamation of emergency was signed by the President before the Cabinet approved of it, in contravention of Article 74 of the Constitution. The proclamation was therefore illegal and unconstitutional. Mrs. Gandhi's plea later, after her defeat and her party's rout at the elections, that she did not consult the Cabinet beforehand because she had to keep the decision secret, at once revealed her contempt for her Cabinet colleagues and scant respect for the prescribed constitutional procedures.

Now the party P.R. managers concentrated on generating the right atmosphere for Mrs. Gandhi to rule the country without let or hindrance either from the law or the constitution or from the political Opposition. The propaganda line, already initiated immediately after the pronouncement of the Allahabad judgment, was now put across massively and systematically through mass rallies and via all the mass media.

Radio and television were now blatantly turned into a vehicle for a personality cult that sought to build up Mrs. Gandhi (who hereafter became "hamari Pradhan Mantri" instead of just Pradhan Mantri, on radio and TV) as the saviour of India from the chaos into which Jayaprakash Narayan and his cohorts were bent on plunging it! Soon the news agency too was harnessed for the purpose.

The mantra to be repeated over every available mass media was: Mrs. Gandhi is indispensable to the country in the unprecedented crisis facing it and that she alone can lift the country from the current crisis. Now untramelled by constitutional and legal obstacles, she can take the country speedily to socialism, social justice and economic progress.

To that end, a high pressure populist programme was launched: a series of mass rallies around No. 1 Safdarjung Road, and in the capital in general, besides spectacular slogan-shouting, marches to the Prime Minister's residence from morning till eve, were the order of the day. The programme included bread as well as circuses.

Delhi Transport Corporation's buses were mobilised to bring crowds from all parts of the city and from Gurgaon, Sonepat and other neighbouring towns in UP and Haryana. Crowds were being hired at Rs.5 to Rs.10 per head for two hours. Taxi-drivers were exhorted to go and fill their tanks and earn Rs.40 to Rs.50 for the day by bringing people to the rally. It was computed that the DTC lost Rs.4 lakhs in lending its services for the purpose.

These demonstrators proclaimed in chorus the people's staunch support to the Prime Minister and expressed the country's implicit confidence in her, entreated her to stay at her post of Prime Minister, claimed aloud that the people were more supreme than the Supreme Court and therefore the Supreme Court dared not flout the people's wishes. In addition, organised groups of workers, peasants, lawyers, teachers, writers, truck-drivers, taxi-drivers, scooter-drivers and students, marched to No. 1 Safdarjung Road to exhort Mrs. Gandhi to stay put and that they were behind her.

At the venue of these rallies, whether No. 1 Safdarjung Road, the Boat Club maidan or Ramlila Grounds, iced drinking water was served to the thirsty, and *puris* and *chhole* were offered to the hungry. Icecream vendors had full freedom of movement amid the crowds, while the police ringed the place and generally made sure everything was orderly. Indeed, here was an atmosphere of an organised, mass-scale picnic.

At one such rally, the effigy of Justice Jag Mohan Lal Sinha was burnt. Posters appeared in the city suggesting some kind of link between the judge and the CIA. Mrs. Gandhi vehementlv denied these reports in the face of reporters' eyewitness claims.

June 26 was a busy day for the Prime Minister. After the six o'clock Cabinet meeting, at 8 a.m. she had to broadcast to the nation over All India Radio.

She began the broadcast with the assurance: "The President has proclaimed emergency. There is nothing to panic about." Then she referred to "the deep and widespread conspiracy" brewing ever since she "began to introduce certain progressive measures of benefit to common man and woman of India."

Among the reasons she gave in justification of the proclamation of the emergency were: "In the name of democracy it has been sought to negate the very functioning of democracy. Duly elected governments have not been allowed to function and in some cases force has been used to compel members to resign in order to dissolve lawfully elected Assemblies. Agitations have surcharged the atmosphere, leading to violent incidents. The whole country was shocked at the brutal murder of my Cabinet colleague Shri L.N. Mishra. We also deeply deplore the dastardly attack on the Chief Justice of India. Certain persons have gone to the length of inciting our armed forces to mutiny and our police to rebel. The fact that our defence forces and the police are disciplined and deeply patriotic, and therefore will not be taken in, does not mitigate the seriousness of the provocation. The forces of disintegration are in full play and communal passions are being aroused, threatening our unity."

Then Mrs. Gandhi referred to the "false allegations" made against her, and added "It is not important whether I remain Prime Minister or not. However, the institution of the Prime Minister is important and the deliberate political attempts to denigrate it is not in the interest of democracy or the nation."

"We have watched these developments with utmost patience for long," she said. (That "we" smacks of an imperious, royal "we"). "Now we learn of a new programme challenging law and order throughout the country with a view to disrupting normal functioning. How can any government worth the name stand by and allow the country's stability to be imperilled? The actions of a few are endangering the rights of the vast majority. Any situation, which weakens the capacity of the national government to act decisively inside the country, is bound to encourage dangers from outside. It is our paramount duty to safeguard unity and stability. The nation's integrity demands firm action."

Mrs. Gandhi followed it up with another broadcast the very next day, in which she once again sought to justify the proclamation of emergency by referring to the "climate of violence and hatred" created that had led to the assassination of a Cabinet Minister and an attempt on the life of the Chief Justice of India.

She referred to the Opposition parties' proposed programme of countrywide bundhs, gheraos, agitations, disruption and incitement to industrial workers, police and defence forces in an attempt to paralyse the central government. Then she declared: "There should be realisation that even in a democracy there are limits which cannot be crossed. Violent action and senseless satyagrahas will pull down the whole edifice, which has been built over the years with such labour and hope."

She went on to justify the imposition of censorship in the country. "You know that I have always believed in the freedom of the Press, and I still do, but like all freedoms it has to be exercised with responsibility and restraint. In situations of internal disturbance, whether language or communal riots, grave mischief has been done by irresponsible writing. We had to prevent such a situation. For some time several newspapers have deliberately distorted news and made malicious and provocative comments. The entire purpose is to bring about a situation of calmness and stability. The purpose of censorship is to restore a climate of trust."

A blanket censorship and mass incarceration deprived the Opposition of the right of reply. All the engines of propaganda, radio, TV and news agency and the Press, as a whole, were turned on, at Government's command, to damn the Opposition. Jayaprakash Narayan, in a letter, written from jail rebutted the allegations made by Mrs. Gandhi against him and the Opposition leaders. But this letter did not see the light of day until after 19 months when the general elections were announced and censorship lifted, in January 1977.

In his letter he said he was appalled at press reports of her speeches and interviews, and added, "The very fact that you have to say something everyday to justify your action implies a guilty conscience."

The letter stated, "Having muzzled the Press and every kind of public dissent, you continue with your distortions and untruth without fear of criticism or contradiction. If you think that in this way you will be able to justify yourself in the public eye and damn the Opposition to political perdition, you are. . . . . mistaken."

Jayaprakash Narayan flatly denied the charge that there was a plan to paralyse the government. He maintained that in a democracy the people did have the right to ask for the resignation of an elected government if it had gone corrupt and had been misruling. "And if there is a legislature that persists in supporting such a government it too must go, so that the people might choose better representatives."

In the case of Bihar, he said, the mammoth rallies and processions held in Patna, the thousands of constituency meetings held all over the state, the three-day Bihar bandh, the memorable happenings of November 4 and the 'largest ever' meeting held at the Gandhi maidan on November 18, were a convincing measure of the people's will.

J.P. maintained that in Bihar, the government was given a chance to settle the issues across the table. None of the demands of the students was unreasonable or non-negotiable. "But the Bihar Government preferred the method of the struggle, i.e., unparalleled repression. It was the same in U.P. In either case the government rejected the path of negotiation, of trying to settle the issues across the table and chose the path of strife."

"Be that as it may, except for Bihar there was no movement of its kind in any other state of India," insisted the Sarvodaya leader. "Thus, the plan of which you speak, the plan to paralyse the government, is a figment of your imagination, thought up to justify your totalitarian measures."

If there was a plan, he stated, it was a simple, innocent and short-time plan to continue until the Supreme Court decided your appeal. It was this plan that was announced at the Ramlila Grounds on June 25 and which was the subject-matter of his speech that evening. The programme was for a selected number of persons to offer satyagraha before or near Mrs. Gandhi's residence in support of the demand that she step down until the Supreme Court's judgment on her appeal. The programme was to continue for seven days in Delhi, after which it was to be taken up in the States. "I do not see what is subversive or dangerous about it. In a democracy the citizen has an inalienable right to civil disobedience when he finds that other channels of redress or reform have dried up."

J.P. then added that even that programme of satyagraha would not have occurred to the Opposition "had you remained content with quietly clinging on to your office. But you did not do it. Through your henchmen you had rallies and demonstrations organised in front of your residence begging you not to resign. You addressed these rallies and justifying your stand, advanced spurious arguments and heaped calumny on the head of the Opposition. . . . . .When such despicable happenings were taking place every day, the Opposition had no alternative but to counteract the mischief. And how did it decide to do it? Not by rowdyism but by orderly satyagraha, self-sacrifice."

Adverting to the charge made against him of trying to sow disaffection in the armed and police forces, J.P. stated, all that he had done was to make the men and officers of the forces conscious of their duties and responsibilities. Whatever he had said in that connection was within the law, the Constitution, the Army Act and the Police Act.

The letter concluded: "You seem to act

swiftly and dramatically only when your personal position is threatened. Once that is assured, the drift begins again. Dear Indiraji, please do not identify yourself with the nation. You are not immortal, India is."

The programme of action contemplated by the Sangharsha Samiti comprised public meetings from June 27 to July 7 and pass resolutions at district, town and State levels everywhere, demanding Mrs. Gandhi's resignation from Prime Ministership. The leaders were to review the situation on July 6 and decide upon the next step. On June 25/26 however the Emergency was proclaimed in the country, and Opposition leaders were rounded up, which left no time to organise forces for the proposed programme of action.

3

THE LADY'S STYLE

HER MINISTERIAL COLLEAGUES liked to call it "The Lady's Style" when describing her manner–somewhat circumambulatory–of handling men and matters. She might be very friendly and close to A, but if she desired to convey to him a controversial proposition or criticism, she would not speak to him directly about it, but get B to convey it to him. On the other hand, if she wanted to tell B what she thought of his particular action, she would get A to do that job instead of discussing the matter straight with him. She did her politicking through emissaries–that was her way.

When Mrs. Gandhi decided to sack Moinal Huq Choudhury from her Council of Ministers, she got Yash Pal Kapur to convey the bad news to Choudhury in his sick bed in hospital. When Raj Bahadur was dropped from the Cabinet, the same Yash Pal Kapur was sent to break the news to him too–Yash Kapur seems to have become a specialist in the art of bearing unpleasant news. Morarji Desai came to know of his sack from Finance Ministership through the PTI teleprinter.

The explanation for these techniques offered to me was that it saves a lot of embarrassment to Mrs. Gandhi, later, if the matter goes awry; if the initiative fails, she is clear out of it, she had nothing to do with it. It was not her idea at all! If it succeeds, then of course she initiated it and deserves the credit.

To those around her she gives the impression of being cold and distant. She keeps her counsel to herself. She never discloses her mind, and always holds her cards very close to the chest. She listens to friends and advisers coolly, and then does exactly what she chooses.

Once the late Dr. D.R. Gadgil (the then deputy chairman of the Planning Commission) was called in by Mrs Gandhi to listen to him on his viewpoint about the Five-Year Plan on hand. Greatly encouraged at the interest she had displayed on the matter, Dr. Gadgil went across to her office all prepared with facts and figures. While he held forth for nearly forty minutes, he was gratified to see her bent down on her desk and furiously take down notes in the writing-pad in front of her. But when he stretched his neck forward by accident, he found, to his chagrin, the paper in front of the Prime Minister was full of doodles!

She never took her Cabinet as such into confidence but functioned through a coterie. At Cabinet meetings there was rarely, if ever, a worthwhile debate or discussion. At the most, some exchange of views might take place at the meetings of the Political Affairs Committee.

She never let two senior ministers get close to each other–a pastmaster at "divide and rule." She displayed the gift of Queen Elizabeth I of England who enslaved her Ministers while keeping them at loggerhead with each other. Her arrogance and lust for power alienated many around her. Shrewd and calculating, she lacked generosity and was often vindictive.

At one time, prominent among her kitchen cabinet were Dinesh Singh, P.N. Haksar, Inder Gujral and Romesh Thapar. They dropped out one after the other. Another group took their place, prominent among whom was D.P. Dhar, who too, after a while, faded away. Then came the turn of Sidhartha Shankar Ray and Rajni Patel.

Finally it was the Sanjay caucus that ruled the country and gave shape to the Emergency regime, for good or ill. The caucus consisted of, besides Sanjay Gandhi, Defence Minister Bansi Lal; Information & Broadcasting Minister Vidya Charan Shukla; Minister of State for Home Affairs Om Mehta and Rajendra Kumar Dhawan.

The last named was an assistant in the Railways when he was posted in the Prime Minister's office. He was a cousin of Yash Kapur, an important courtier at the 'Palace', and was brought to the Prime Minister's Secretariat by Yash Kapur. Dhawan was now the most influential person at No. 1 Safdarjung Road, with the designation of Additional Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, and he handled "political affairs" at the P.M.'s office. Without his permission or knowledge not a leaf could fall to the ground!

He was a great chum of Sanjay Gandhi and a favourite of Mrs. Gandhi, and was therefore much sought after and wooed by the mighty in the land, in politics, government, industry and business. A curious feature of this setup was that Ministers like Shukla and Om Mehta competed with each other to curry favour with Sanjay.

There is something imperious, if not imperial, about Mrs. Gandhi's style. She is known to ring changes on her friends and advisers rather fast. That is because she does not trust others very much and very long; the slightest difference is enough to offend her and induce her to drop the friend or adviser, and thereafter she won't look at him again.

Dinesh Singh, a one-time great favourite and Minister for External Affairs, was dropped like a hot potato from the Cabinet and banished from her circle of friends. P.N. Haksar proved quite durable indeed, until he too suddenly fell out of favour. Right now, it is reported, Yash Pal Kapur is in the dog-house so far as Mrs. Gandhi is concerned.

She rarely forgets or forgives anyone who dares cross her path. She does not tolerate over-competent and ambitious men around her; the moment they show such symptoms, she cuts them to size or banishes them. That is how she surrounded herself with only yes-men. So much so, after the recent electoral disaster, when the Congress Party started putting the pieces together, and looked around for a personality to succeed Mrs. Gandhi as the leader of the Party, they could find no one of the required stature apart from Y.B. Chavan. There were only pigmies and *chamchas* around Mrs. Gandhi.

It could be truly said of Mrs. Gandhi that she has only permanent interests and never permanent friends, the late Padmaja Naidu being the exception. She was her intimate friend and guide and even philosopher. Since Padmaja died, Mrs. Gandhi is a lonely woman, occasionally sharing her thoughts with Sanjay, her second son, but of late increasingly leaning on him for counsel and solace.

Psychiatrists attribute such distrust, almost claustrophobic, to an inborn sense of insecurity, bred by a lonely life during her early impressionable years, when her parents were absent and away from her for long periods—her mother died quite early and father was going in and out of jail most of the time. Her relations with her aunts were far from warm.

Nehru commanded hero-worship from his subordinates; Lal Bahadur evoked affection from his staff; Mrs. Gandhi inspired awe from them.

Mrs. Gandhi is a naturally dignified woman, and can exude great charm when she chooses, though there is often a curl to her smile. Her considerable charm and personality were an asset which she used to the fullest advantage. "She could melt the stoniest of hearts with a smile," said one Minister. When a Cabinet Minister returned home from a summons from the P.M., his wife's first question to him would be: 'Was it a smile or a frown?' The Minister's day was made or marred accordingly. With her charm, which was selectively dispensed, she won over men's as well as women's hearts. So that when she lost ignominiously in Rae Bareli, many who voted against her in the polling, genuinely exclaimed: "Hai, but she should not have been defeated."

In the last ten years she has developed a charisma, and even today, at a moment when she is entirely responsible for the ignominy suffered by the Congress in the 1977 elections, many Congressmen still continue to be under her spell and cling to her.

In the 1969 internecine political warfare, the "Syndicate", as the Old Guard of the Congress Party came to be called, experienced plenty of Mrs Gandhi's political cunning and remorselessness in the pursuit of her objectives.

When Mrs. Gandhi was, in 1969, scoring point after point against the harassed Nijalingappa, ex-Senator John Keating, the then US ambassador in New Delhi, commented to this writer: "I lift my hat to this lady. When it comes to politicking she has a point or two to teach even us Americans."

As a political tactician, as she proved in 1969, she possesses an uncanny sense of timing and remarkable public relations instincts. When she goes to Gujarat, she wears her sari in the Gujarati style and claims to be Gujarat's daughter-in-law; in Punjab she wears the salwar-kameez and joins the Bhangra with the Punjabans; in Kohima she wears the Naga skirt, shawl and head-gear and dances with the Naga belles, even trying to sing their songs in their nasal twang.

Unlike her father, Mrs. Gandhi is autocratic by temperament, and somewhat arrogant too. To such a mind authoritarian thoughts came naturally. In the early sixties, when she was Congress President, she felt no qualms about working furiously to oust a legitimately constituted Namboodiripad Ministry in Kerala through extra-constitutional methods. Until the 1969 schism in the Congress, when for tactical reasons she adopted the banner of leftism, Mrs. Gandhi had spoken of the Congress Party's and the country's innate genius for a middle-of-the-road political philosophy based on synthesis rather than extremism and ideological polarisation.

With her family ruling the country for the last 30 years for two generations, and expecting to do so for yet another generation, if not longer, perhaps it was natural for Mrs. Gandhi to feel so possessive about the country and behave as though the country was her private farm and she had a prescriptive right over the government apparatus and services of its personnel.

With economic and political troubles closing in on her all round, and timorous and nervy, Mrs. Gandhi had, in mid-1974, reached a mental state where she had turned irritable and intoleant of any dissent or criticism—not that she was ever very tolerant. She was now yearning for the haven and short-cut of authoritarian solutions for the baffling and sticky problems confronting her country which demanded quick and effective answers from her. If only she could shut up the Opposition parties and muzzle the Press, she could get on with the job undisturbed! Her frequent and intemperate outbursts against the Press, her impatience with criticism by the Opposition leaders, the kind of language she used against the venerable Jayaprakash Narayan were a pointer to her state of mind during this period.

Such was the taut atmosphere at No. 1 Safdarjung Road and in the country when Justice Jag Mohan Lal Sinha delivered his judgment on Raj Narain's election petition against Mrs. Gandhi. Already teetering on the edge, that judgment pushed her over the brink. After an initial vacillation, she quickly made up her mind and seized the opportunity to translate her yearnings into practice, and go down as a great woman of action in Indian history!

The highly-skilled political strategy she displayed in 1969 against the 'Old Guard' of the Congress and the finesse she showed in handling the country's foreign policy had evoked universal admiration. She won a remarkable military victory over Pakistan, that led to latter's dismemberment and liberation of Bangladesh.

The London *Economist* called her "The Empress of India", and it looked as though she came to believe it. That at any rate seemed to have put ideas into her! There was no doubt in her own mind that with a resolute will, there was nothing she couldn't achieve in the domestic field too, but for certain constraints imposed by the democratic system, with its freedom of expression and insistence on the rule of law. She must now bend her energies to create favourable conditions at home; she must clear the path of all obstacles, constitutional and democratic.

The situation confronting her following the Allahabad judgment, in juxtaposition to the rising tide of the J.P. Movement, provided her the necessary impetus and alibi to promulgate measures which in normal times she would not have dared to attempt. With the Emergency promulgated, with one stroke, she got rid of the "nuisance" of the Opposition and choked off the Press. Jayaprakash Narayan's threat of 'total revolution' provided her with the justification for her extraordinary action. With all that material, she could put across to the masses a powerful case in her favour through the government-controlled mass media. She had by now under her thumb, in addition to the radio and TV, also the news agency and a pliant, obedient press.

With all kinds of Opposition thus silenced, she could take hard decisions and push through unpopular but imperative policies and show quick results and win the people's favour. She could then go to the country and come back to power with a thumping majority plus a clear-cut mandate in favour of a more effective authoritarian regime which delivered the goods. With the mass media behind her, what could she not achieve in this world!

The emergency made short work of the legal and constitutional obstacles in the way of a government now deliberately treading the path of authoritarianism. The fundamental rights were suspended, and even habeas corpus. A Draconian censorship, the like of which was not experienced even under imperialist British rule, was clamped down on the Press. The manner of its enforcement put even the Mafia in the shade. By means of a deliberate regime of terror, through indiscriminate arrests and detentions and display of naked power, a fear psychosis was generated in the country which cowed the people.

On June 27 President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed issued an Ordinance forbidding detainees to invoke their constitutional rights to equal protection of the laws, protection of life and personal liberty and protection against unwarranted arrest and detention in order to obtain their release.

Two days later, another ordinance amended the Maintenance of Internal Security Act to remove the requirement that a detainee must be informed of the reason for his detention within a specified period.

In Delhi alone, in the first round, on the night of 25/26 June 1975, 83 persons were rounded up, followed by 250 in the second round on 26/27 June. The total number of persons detained all over the country under the Maintenance of Internal Security Act from June 25, 1975 (the night, the President signed the proclamation) to March 18, 1977 (two days before the emergency was lifted) reached 34,630. Of these, only 6,244 detainees were held under the normal MISA provisions, while 28,386 were detained under the emergency provision of Section 16-A, of MISA.

At the time of the elections, in March 1977, there were still 17,000 political detainees in jails all over, while the then Union Government spokesmen swore that all political detainees had been released. Bihar topped the list in the matter of detainees during the Emergency, with 2,116 to its credit. Gujarat came next with 1,805, and then Andhra Pradesh with 1,078 and Delhi 1,011.

Nevertheless, a vigorous underground movement was maintained. Illicit news sheets were cyclostyled or printed and distributed, and satyagraha offered in Delhi and other parts of the country. The hard core of this movement was the RSS workers, who being highly indoctrinated, with a ready-made organisation to serve as a working apparatus for their activity, refused to be demoralised by Government's "leonine" repression and kept the movement alive. More than 25,000 RSS workers were detained under MISA and DIR; another 1,00,000 offered satyagraha. About 70 men died either in jail or while working underground.

At the Information and Broadcasting Ministry a mild-mannered, civilised Inder Gujral, whose crime was his rapport with the journalists, was rudely displaced by the ham-handed, brusque-mannered Vidya Charan Shukla, who proved an excellent hatchet-man for Mrs. Gandhi in her new *avatar.*

An emergency session of Parliament was convened on July 21, which lasted nineteen days and was boycotted by the Opposition. This session dutifully put its imprimatur on the proclamation of Emergency and besmirched the statute book with a sheaf of retrograde legislation.

The first business transacted by both houses of Parliament was to suspend normal rules of procedure, including the question hour and private members' business so that only government business would be transacted during the session. The emergency session of Parliament passed the Constitution (39th amendment) Bill which laid down that the President's reasons for proclaiming an emergency might not be challenged in any court, and that he might issue different proclamations on different grounds, whether or not there was a proclamation already issued.

The Parliament also passed the Constitution (41st amendment) Bill which provided that no criminal proceedings might be instituted or continued in any court against any person who was or had been President, the Prime Minister or the Governor of a state in respect of any act done by him before he entered upon his office or during his term of office and that no civil proceedings might be instituted in respect of any act done by him in his personal capacity whether before or after he had entered upon that office.

One particular piece of legislation (39th amendment) adopted by Parliament met all the four issues raised by Raj Narain's petition in the Allahabad High Court and made them applicable retroactively, namely, (i) that the date of the commencement of a person's candidature for purposes of election expenses and other purposes should not, as laid down in the 1951 Representation of the People Act, be that when, "with the election in prospect, he began to hold himself out as a prospective candidate", but that of his nomination; (ii) that no election symbol allotted by the Election Commissioner should be considered a religious or national symbol; (iii) that the section of the Representation of the People Act of 1951 forbidding candidates to obtain assistance from government officers for the furtherance of their election prospects should not apply to any act done by a government officer in the discharge of his official duty, and (iv) that publication in official gazette was conclusive proof of the appointment, resignation, termination of service or removal of any servant of the Central Government or a state government and of the date of taking effect thereof.

Yet another legislation introduced by Law Minister, H.R. Gokhale, in this session was the one that stated that all matters relating to the President, the Vice-President, the Speaker and the Prime Minister should be referred to a new authority set up by Parliament; this law could not be questioned in any court; and that all pending proceedings in respect of election of President, Vice-President, Speaker and Prime Minister under the existing laws were null and void.

When the Constitution Bench of the Supreme Court started hearing on August 11 of Mrs. Gandhi's appeal, the Prime Minister's counsel Ashok Sen asked the court to reverse conviction immediately on the ground that the 39th amendment (finally approved only the previous day, i.e. on August 10) had erased the verdict. Shanti Bhushan, Raj Narain's counsel, contended that the court must first decide whether the amendment was constitutional. He recalled that the Supreme Court had ruled in 1973 that Parliament might not alter the basic structure or framework of the Constitution. Attorney-General Niren De however countered the argument by stating that a decision on an electoral dispute did not come under the concept of basic structure or framework of the Constitution.

On November 7, the Constitution Bench of the Supreme Court, comprising the Chief Justice A.N. Ray, H.R. Khanna, K.K. Mathew, M.H. Beg and Y.V. Chandrachud, gave judgment, unanimously upholding the election of Mrs. Gandhi from the Rae Bareli constituency and validity of the Election Laws Amendment Act 1975 enacted in the emergency session, while striking down the 39th Amendment altogether.

In retrospect the entire sordid exercise seemed unwarranted and costly and avoidably agonising. For the Supreme Court acquitted Mrs. Gandhi in Raj Narain's petition. As advised by many of her friends as well as critics, during the interregnum, Mrs. Gandhi could have stepped down temporarily and come back to office after four months, following the disposal of her appeal by the Supreme Court, with her prestige and respect for democratic norms intact and her adversaries' guns spiked. It might however be asked: would the Supreme Court have acquitted her in a different atmosphere uncharged by populist mass demonstrations and under conditions created by the promulgation of the emergency and passing of the new electoral laws by emergency session of Parliament?

Dialogue instead of confrontation—for which the initiative, in a democracy, lay with the government—would have done the trick. For there was not much ideological difference between what J.P. was demanding and Mrs. Gandhi's stand on various national issues facing the country. But Mrs. Gandhi's arrogance and authoritarian turn of mind did not permit her to unbend. The result was that the nation had to go through the trauma of the nineteen months of Emergency, followed by a humiliating overthrow of Mrs. Gandhi's regime—and a dramatic reassertion by the Indian people of their right to democracy and liberty.

The first impact on the Indian people of the Emergency regime was favourable—even as it was on the Pakistanis when the Ayub dictatorship assumed power in that country twenty years ago. Zealous officials cleared the pavements of Delhi, put down profiteering with a heavy hand, controlled prices of food and essential commodities and enforced social and industrial discipline. Industrial productivity and production went up. Overnight student hooliganism ended and classrooms were full. The common man welcomed it all. A favourable monsoon eased the food situation in the country, and inflation was brought under control. Things began to look up. For the first six months everything went off swimmingly. Then the cracks began to appear.

Behind the ballyhoo over the great economic progress made by the country during the Emergency, lay the stark facts that corruption had risen to an unprecedented level, unemployment had been aggravated, the number of those below the poverty line had risen from 270 million to 420 million; the per capita availability of foodgrains, vanaspati, tea, footware, cloth, housing, space in railway compartments, milk and eggs had fallen from 30 per cent to 10 per cent (according to figures furnished by Government).

The Sanjay caucus now began to take a big hand in shaping events. With the press muzzled and criticism of authority, however legitimate, proscribed, reports and instances of malpractices and corruption and misuse of power by the officialdom filled the air. Local *gauleiters* began to lord it over.

Every petty official from the constable on duty in a particular street to a sales tax inspector, imposed his levy on shopkeepers, rikshaw-pullers and street-side vendors. Private vendetta was settled through the application of the new lawless laws. Houses of officials and businessmen who had crossed the path of the high-ups in the government were indiscriminately raided by income-tax department or sales-tax officials, often on made-up charges.

The rule of law was practically banished from the land. With the right of habeas corpus suspended, police tyranny intensified, and many an innocent person was terrorised. Youth with students union background were the worst sufferers. They would be nabbed outside colleges, at bus-stops or from the verandah of their homes and whisked away and tortured under the pretext of extracting information from them about alleged subversive underground activities.

Their parents were never informed about their arrest and had to guess about their whereabouts. In many cases even parents and relatives were harassed and taken to the police lock-up and tortured and interrogated for hours on end. The idea was to strike terror in the people, and in the process, some individual police officers gave full rein to their sadism and perversions.

In the name of cleaning and beautifying the city, jhompdi-dwellers were ejected from their homes and dumped on land several miles away and left to fend for themselves. The atrocities committed and brutal force used on the poor people, both rural and urban, in the name of enforcing family planning, in Delhi and all over northern India, could not have been improved upon in Idi Amin's land. Indeed, it was difficult to believe that our officials were capable of such cruelty and callousness; and now every time this writer passes a policeman in the street, an involuntary sense of revulsion overtakes him. Unable to bear such outrageous treatment meted out to them, entire villages revolted against officialdom, and were in turn beaten down and shot up. Instances of adult males of entire villages spending their days and nights in the jungle, just to escape the police swoop on them in sterilisation drives, were common.

Thanks to strict censorship which completely suppressed all atrocity stories, the Capital turned into a vast rumour factory, often fact proving stranger than fiction. Soon the dividing line between the two got blurred, as again and again reports of brutality, considered incredible and product of a sick imagination, turned out to be true stories. In any case, nobody believed what appeared in the newspapers, as every one knew the news published in their columns was officially doctored and ladled out. Thus on two occasions, the Government had to come out, many days after the event, with an attenuated account of what happened in The Turkman Gate incident and in the Muzzafarnagar riots, solely to counteract wild "rumours". Most of those rumours again turned out to be true, and that it was the Government that was fictionalising the grim facts by underplaying them!

Once the elections were announced, and the Emergency and censorship were relaxed and Opposition leaders were released, the world noticed, with amazement, a kalaedoscopic change in the Indian political scene. Jagjivan Ram's secession from the ruling party, which came as a bolt from the blue for Mrs. Gandhi, proved a major earthquake that shook the party violently, and accelerated the anti-Indira wave.

4

THE LONG NIGHT BEGINS

NINE O'CLOCK IN THE NIGHT, June 25, 1975. Jayaprakash Narayan has just returned to the Gandhi Peace Foundation, in Deen Dayal Upadhyay Marg, from a historic meeting at Ramlila Grounds, organised by the Opposition parties. He seems greatly exhilarated in spirit, though physically very tired.

Long weeks of touring 12 to 14 hours of work daily–public meetings, private discussions and talks with workers and leaders of parties–had left him exhausted.

But this evening he looks relaxed. A smile of satisfaction hovers on his lips. The response of the people has been tremendous; it was a heartwarming rally, at the Ramlila Grounds. J.P. is now convinced that the people are impatient for a change in the government.

Indeed, that had been his belief for the past three or four months. He had toured various States extensively. He had addressed both large and small gatherings. Everywhere he had noticed amazing awakening among the people.

But the Opposition party leaders fail to notice this popular mood. They are still reluctant to merge their identities to become one united force, nor are they confident that a movement launched at this time can be a success. The people are willing, but not the parties, Jayaprakash laments again and again.

J.P. has been in touch with Jagjivan Ram, and urging him to lead that section in the Congress which is opposed to Government policies. But the latter doubts whether the time is yet ripe for such a move. There have been a series of meetings with Jayaprakash and Chandra Shekhar, the go-between, on June 23 and 24. On the 25th night, at about 10.00, J.P. sends Chandra Shekhar again to Jagjivan Ram, begging of him to do something even at that late hour. "We have seen the response this evening–there is still time to act," he pleads in his message to Babuji. But the latter is still undecided.

Jayaprakash was scheduled to leave for Patna by the early morning plane. At about 11 p.m. therefore, Radhakrishna, his devoted friend and collaborator, suggests to him that he should now retire so that he snatches some sleep and rest before getting up to catch the plane.

At about 1.30 a.m. Radhakrishna's son, Chandrahar, sleeping out in the open, comes in and wakes up his father and says in shocked whispers: "The Police is here with warrants of arrest." Radhakrishna comes out. The Police officer and his men are rather apologetic. They show him a warrant against J.P.

According to Radhakrishna, none among J.P.'s entourage or the Opposition leaders had expected such a drastic move on the part of the Government.

Now his first concern is to avoid disturbing J.P. at that unearthly hour. So he asks the Police officer whether he could wait for some time–at least till 3 or 4 a.m. by which time J.P. would in any case wake up to get ready to catch his plane. "J.P. is very tired and needs some rest," he explains to the Police officer. The Police agreee.

After that Radhakrishna cannot sleep. He ponders his immediate task, now that it has happened. He calls the telephone operator who lives on the premises and instructs her to contact as many of their friends as possible. Calls are put to Bombay, Madras, Bangalore, Patna and to various persons in Delhi, including Chandra Shekhar, Krishna Kant and Morarji Desai. At that hour, it is not easy to contact many. At Morarji's house they however get information that the police had reached there also with orders for his arrest.

By 3 o'clock, the impatient police knock at Radhakrishna's door again. Could he please wake up J.P.? they ask. They were getting repeated messages on the wireless and being questioned why they had not brought Jayaprakash Narayan to the police station.

Radhakrishna then goes in and finds J.P. sound asleep. He gently wakes up J.P. and breaks the news and reads to him the warrant, signed by District Magistrate Sushil Kumar.

J.P. is nonplussed. When Radhakrishna asks him whether he had any inkling of his arrest, J.P. confesses he had not expected such a step by the Government. By then, the Police officer deputed to arrest him steps in. "Sorry, sir," the officer says, "but we have orders to take you with us." J.P. nods to him, and says, "Give me half an hour to get ready."

Radhakrishna is nervously marking time—awaiting the arrival of at least some of their friends, especially Chandra Shekhar. When J.P. gets ready, Radhakrishna suggests that he have a cup of tea. That takes another ten minutes or so. No sign of Chandra Shekhar still. J.P. now says, "Why delay any longer. Let's go." Before the party departs from the Gandhi Peace Foundation premises, a call is received to say that Raj Narain too has been arrested.

As J.P., accompanied by Radhakrishna, comes out, he is surprised to see the whole place swarming with policemen. There are at least three lorry-loads of them, and they have laid siege to the GPF building. Just as J.P. enters the police car, a taxicab rushes in and brakes, and Chandra Shekhar steps out. J.P. can do no more than greet Chandra Shekhar, as the Police car, in which he is seated, speeds away. Chandra Shekhar and Radhakrishna follow J.P. in latter's car. J.P. is taken to the Parliament Street Police Station. The S.P. and the D.S.P. are all extremely courteous to J.P.

Some of the people, informed over the phone about the development, have tipped off others. Even at that early hour, a small crowd and a couple of press reporters are gathered in front of the police station. They are however kept at arm's length by the police.

After receiving J.P., the Superintendent of Police excuses himself for a minute and goes into another room. He comes out in an instant, takes Chandra Shekhar aside and says, "Sir, as a matter of fact, another party has gone to your house to bring you here."

Chandra Shekhar smiles and replies, "Now that I am already here, the Police may as well arrest me too." And they do. This surprises J.P. He had thought that only he and a few top leaders of Opposition were being rounded up. Now it is obvious that they have cast a much wider net.

The Police offer J.P. and Chandra Shekhar tea. When the latter enquires where J.P. is being taken, the Police decline to disclose J.P.'s destination. As J.P. is not well, Radhakrishna asks the Police officer whether he would be allowed to take his personal servant. The request is turned down. "Well," said Jayaprakash to Radhakrishna, "later, see if you can send some books to me."

Radhakrishna then asks J.P. if he has any message for the people. "The reporters will approach us, and our workers would also want to know. Would you like to say something for them?"

J.P. thinks for half a second. Then he looks straight at Radhakrishna and intones: "*Vinasha kale vipareeta buddhi*". That is his message, he says.

And the long night begins. Emergency, with its allies, terror and censorship, steals into the land like a thief in the night. Between preceding midnight and 8.30 a.m. on June 26, 83 top leaders of the Opposition are rounded up. Many with warrants against them, go underground and try to put together a semblance of an apparatus for clandestine activity and defiance.

Police, armed with lathis, rattan shields and helmets are in the streets. More of them are clustered at intersections in lorries and on horseback, fully armed. Power has been cut in Bahadur Shah Zafar Marg, Delhi's Fleet Street, to ensure that no newspapers come out that morning. They however overlook to do the same to other newspapers, located in another part of the city, who thus escape the power cut.

The people wake up that morning in a state of mystification, unaware for hours afterwards of the grave developments that have overtaken the country, until the grapevine brings the grim news in whispered words.

From Parliament Street Jayaprakash Narayan is driven straight to Sona, across the Haryana border. As his car reaches its destination, almost exactly at the same moment, another car drives in and Morarji Desai steps out of it. The two leaders greet each other. Morarjibhai's only utterance is: "Jo Bhagwanki marjee". Though the two leaders are lodged in the same place, they are not allowed to meet, not even at mealtime. They are kept apart and served apart. After three days, J.P. is brought to the All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, at New Delhi, with acute abdominal pain.

Radhakrishna returned home from Parliament Street Police Station, with the thought how long he himself would remain free–they might come for him any moment. So by noon he disappeared underground. He soon established contacts with other workers–quite a task when everyone was underground, with addresses unknown–and a committee was established comprising Nanaji Deshmukh, Surendra Mohan, Ravindra Kumar, Lok Nath and Radhakrishna to carry on the work of Lok Sangharsha Samiti.

Areas were earmarked for touring by different members and the work divided among them. Radhakrishna was put in charge of the southern States where he toured and organised activity–not that much could be done, but at this stage their emphasis was on keeping the movement alive so that the fear that had gripped the people should not benumb them completely. The programme was to keep up the resistance through various non-violent acts of defiance, feed the people with information and let them know that the Samiti struggle was on, so that the people would know that the spirit had not been crushed and that there was the possibility of action and change soon.

At Radhakrishna's home, the police were harassing his family. They had issued orders for his arrest and were watching and visiting his house constantly. He was declared an absconder and his property was attached; the police took away his furniture, TV set, kitchen utensils and even the cooking gas cylinder.

The police officer who came to carry out the order, told Mrs. Radhakrishna rather shamefacedly: "Bhenji, what can I do. . . .these are the orders. But I will send you a gas cylinder from my own house." Mrs. Radhaksirhna waved the offer aside with the remark that perhaps he would then have to come again to attach the second cylinder also!

A Gandhian worker happened to mention to the Prime Minister the harassment suffered by Mrs. Radhakrishna, with the police taking away even her kitchen equipment. Mrs. Gandhi's reported response was a stony silence. At last, at the suggestion of some friends, in August 1975, Radhakrishna moved his family to a friend's house in Bombay. Radhakrishna was functioning mostly from Bangalore, Madras and Bombay. Workers had been organised and arrangements made for preparing, printing and distributing publicity material.

In September–on September 6, 1975, to be exact–however Radhakrishna surrendered to the police. The reason for the surrender was not the harassment of his family or personal hardships. He did so at the instance of R.R. Diwakar, Chairman of the Gandhi Peace Foundation. The latter had said to him that a true Gandhian must work openly, not secretly. He believed that underground activity was against the spirit of the Gandhian philosophy and that, besides, the Gandhi Peace Foundation was indirectly getting involved in politics and the institution was thereby suffering. If his underground activity affected the institution he served, Radhakrishna stated, he would offer himself for arrest.

On arrest, Radhakrishna was kept at Tihar jail. But even after he came out of jail in February 1976, the police continued to harass him. The Gandhi Peace Foundation office was raided twice. The Government insisted that the Gandhi Peace Foundation was getting funds from foreign sources and they were searching for evidence in the GPF premises. The Government also wanted to find out if the Foundation funds were being diverted to political activity. They found no evidence of that either, but still the government grants to the Foundation were withheld and harassment continued.

The underground activity during the nineteen months of emergency, largely consisted of keeping the banner of the struggle against the Emergency flying, and to that end issuing newssheets and bulletins giving information about the underground movement and news about the happenings in the country as a whole. A blanket censorship had denied all news except government handouts to the people. The movement also included two spurts of satyagraha staged in Delhi and other cities–a fortnight-long one in June 1975, and the other, of equal duration, in November 1975.

The underground workers used ingenious methods to circulate themselves and their wares. Often young girls and women would be employed to carry the illicit literature for distribution. When male underground men moved about, besides disguising themselves, they would be accompanied by a woman, preferably with a child in arms—such family groups were rarely suspected.

They used portable small printing and cyclostyling machines. Most of the stencils were cut by hand by a Bengali or South Indian girl knowing Hindi, to reduce suspicion, and these girls would be changed frequently. The workers never moved about in a taxi, but used either a public transport bus or a scooter.

The illegal literature, pamphlets, leaflets and cyclostyled sheets, would often be distributed through Government dispatch sections, in government dispatch vehicles, concealed between bundles of government publicity material, often it would be put in covers meant for family-planning folders and pamphlets.

But the leonine repression unloosed by the government against the underground workers and the brutalities inflicted on them when captured raised the struggle to the level of a second war of independence and threw up its own great martyrs and heroes. Most of them blushed unseen and suffered unsung.

The top leaders were generally treated with some courtesy, and enjoyed certain elementary facilities in jail. It was however the nameless rank-and-file workers, that had to bear the brunt of Government repression and not only they, but their parents and relatives. Most of the atrocities and brutalities on the political prisoners were committed in the police lock-up. Once they were moved to the regular jails, the prisoners were treated better. The youth and students in particular made the largest and most valuable contribution to the struggle and kept the flag flying.

Among these brave workers Hemant Kumar Vishnoi's name will be written in golden letters in the scroll of "profiles in courage" of the 1975-76 war of liberation. When Hemant Kumar was elected secretary of the Delhi University Students' Union, he became a marked man in the eyes of the authorities. He had been closely associated with the Akhil Bharatiya Vidyarthi Parishad, a militant students' organisation which had captured seventy per cent of the university students' unions and was therefore a target of surveillance from the Government. Hemant and his Vidyarthi Parishad comrades had fought and won the university elections on issues involving Jayaprakash's movement for clean State administrations.

A mild-mannered young man of medium height and a modest moustache, Hemant belied the steel that he hid under his skin and his quiet demeanour. He was a member of the RSS. He was a post-graduate student of Business Economics, and came from a middle-class educationist family, living in an unpretentious colony across the Jamuna. Hemant's father, Dr. Devendra Kumar, taught Hindi in Delhi University. He was a nationalist of the pre-independence vintage and had been a satyagrahi in the Congress movement for independence.

In June 1975, Hemant Kumar, along with some of his other workers, was attending a students' camp in Rohtak, in Haryana state. The camp was scheduled to last till the end of the month. But Hemant had to sit for an examination at the Delhi University on June 14 and so he returned to the capital for a day.

When he arrived in Delhi he found the city agog with the Allahabad judgment and speculation on its repercussions on the Prime Minister, the Union Government and the country. He found the atmosphere tense. He had to walk a long distance to reach his examination centre, as few DTC buses were plying on the roads. The buses had mostly been requisitioned to bring people for "popular demonstrations" in support of Mrs. Gandhi in front of the Prime Minister's house. Next day, Hemant returned to the students' camp at Rohtak.

When the emergency was proclaimed on June 26, Hemant was still at Rohtak. The camp was to conclude on June 30, but the District Magistrate asked the boys to terminate it earlier, and they wound up on June 28 and Hemant returned to Delhi.

Meanwhile, the Police had nabbed Arun Jaitly, President of the Delhi University Students' Union. The police had gone to Jaitly's house and asked for him. His father a lawyer by profession, told them Arun was not at home. Thereupon, the police sought to enter the house in order to search it. Arun's father would not let them enter the house without their producing a search warrant, which the police did not possess. Thereupon, the police took the father to the police station and detained him there.

The next day Arun took out a procession of students in protest against J.P's arrest. He was able to collect a few people. The procession marched around the campus shouting slogans.

Arun thereafter went to the University coffee house. Within seconds, the police surrounded the place and arrested him under MISA and lodged him in Tihar jail.

Following Arun Jaitly's arrest, the police were now looking around for Hemant Vishnoi. So when Hemant got back to Delhi he did not report home but informed his people of his return. Most of the leaders had gone underground, and no one knew who was where. There was no pre-planned programme or plan of action to follow. He did not know how and where to contact his fellow student-workers. He dare not telephone to the families of his co-workers.

He was however certain in his mind that some sort of movement should be initiated to protest against the mass arrests. He stayed with friends not directly associated with the students' movement and hence not suspects. Gradually he established contacts with the Sangharsha Samiti and other co-workers, still free and underground.

He was able to meet R.K. Bhatia, general secretary of the All-India Vidyarthi Parishad, and through him met a few other workers, and they chalked out a rough plan of action. Their plan was to first establish contact with the general body of students and then appoint group leaders, who were assigned work of propaganda and discussions and talks with fellow students.

Hemant had fairly extensive contacts with various colleges and was therefore asked to undertake the initial task of going round and selecting group leaders. They then set up an office in Daryaganj where they met and discussed problems and prepared the programme of activity. On July 10, that office was raided by the police. The police had been able to trace a phone call to the premises as also a telegram from a Bombay Vidyarthi Parishad leader intimating his arrival in Delhi. The police arrested R.K. Bhatia and two other workers at the Daryaganj premises, when they arrived there.

The next morning Hemant rang up the Daryaganj office, innocent of the development overnight. He got unsatisfactory replies on the phone, and he became suspicious and gave a wide berth to Daryaganj thereafter. Half a dozen other workers however walked into the trap.

The raid had been carried out by the East Delhi Police and the arrested were all taken to Shahdara police station. They were kept in the lock-up for eight days. Bhatia was kept standing in the lock-up for 36 hours continuously with a view to extracting information from him.

Om Prakash Kohli, President of the Delhi University Teachers' Association and Vice-President of the All-India Vidyarthi Parishad, was also arrested and kept in the lock-up. Kohli was a polio victim, with a lame leg, but he too was kept standing for a whole day and night. The police tried to make him sign a statement written in Urdu. Kohli refused to sign it unless it was first read out to him. Thereupon, the police kicked and slapped Kohli. When he still refused to oblige, the S.H.O. asked him to follow him to another room. As he came out, Kohli saw that the next room was occupied by the D.S.P. Hoping that the D.S.P. would prove more reasonable, he dashed to his room and complained about the SHO's behaviour. The DSP, U.N.B. Rao, retorted: "Why don't you then sign the statement?" When Kohli said that he was not prepared to sign it without knowing what it contains, the DSP haughtily replied: "I will see how long you will refuse to sign", and asked the SHO to "take over". Kohli was then taken to the other room and beaten mercilessly. Fortunately for him, warrants under MISA had been issued against him and so he had to be sent to jail and could not be detained in the lock-up any longer.

Hemant Vishnoi now lived a hunted life. He had no definite place to eat, work and sleep. With the police on his scent, Hemant did not sleep at the same place two consecutive nights. He met his associates at wayside teashops and then they would stroll along as they discussed the next plans.

By then, the student leaders developed a fairly well-organised network, with a code of their own. A pyramid chain of command was organised, under which the various echelons were given just limited information directly concerning their own activity, so that even when caught and tortured by the police, they would not be able to give much information.

The university was due to reopen on July 16. On the night of July 13 and 14, the police rounded up some fifty student leaders who had any influence in their colleges.

The Sangharsha Samiti got prepared a pamphlet which condemned the arrests and urged the students to fight such repression. A call was given to the students to observe July 25 as a close-the-university demand day. Hemant got the pamphlets widely distributed among the student community.

The Police got wind of it, but could not lay hands on those who had printed and distributed the pamphlet. So they started harassing their families–elderly parents, brothers, even their children. Hemant's father was threatened with arrest and with sealing of his house. He was told that there were orders to shoot his son whenever he was sighted.

When the police decided to seal the house, Hemant's father was tipped off in advance and he moved the District Magistrate to restrain the police from such action on the plea that the house did not belong to Hemant who was only a dependant of his father.

July 25 and 26 were days of terror for the university. On these two days there were more policemen on the campus than students. Teachers, members of DUTA (Delhi University Teachers' Association) and anyone who had any link at any time with the Vidyarthi Parishad were arrested. About 186 persons were picked up, of whom more than 120 were university teachers. In the Sanskrit department of the university almost the entire teaching staff, including the head of the Department, were arrested, so much so that the studies in the department had to be suspended.

One of the teachers, Ganesh Shankar Paliwal, was watering plants in his garden. His wife had gone out visiting relatives leaving two small children in her husband's care. The police came to his house and entered it on the pretext of searching for a thief who had run in the direction of the house. Paliwal followed them into the house. The police asked for his name. When he gave his name, the police requested him to come out for a minute. When he did, they pushed him into a waiting van and drove off. He could not even inform his neighbours. The neighbours came over later when his children began to cry.

All this created panic and a sense of terror in the university community, as it was intended to. The families of the arrested teachers, who with their modest salaries virtually lived from hand to mouth, were under acute financial strain. Even relatives were afraid of helping them. No one visited them. Neighbours avoided talking to them.

Hemant continued to elude the police and carried on work among the student community. He even visited some of the colleges and addressed students. At Atma Ram S.D. College he distributed pamphlets. The police however managed to capture the S.D. College Union secretary, Madan Bhatia. The treatment meted out to him was inhuman. Madan was found in possession of a bunch of pamphlets prepared by the Sangharsha Samiti. The police was interested in finding out from where Madan got the pamphlets and where they were printed, and by whom.

When they failed to extract all the information they wanted, the police took the boy to his house and beat him up in front of his parents. They then beat up his father in front of the son. No one–not even the neighbours–dared raise a little finger in disapproval, if not protest. The only gesture they could make was to quietly walk into their own houses and shut their doors the moment they saw the police coming. Such was the terror the visitation of the police in the neighbourhood struck into the hearts of the people.

That was not the end of the story. Madan was brought back to the Cantonment Police Thana, which had won notoriety for its brutal third degree methods. Here they put him in a cell and held lighted candle to the hair of his body! Madan at last cried in agony. But what he cried was: "By God, if I ever get out alive, I will avenge it all!" He shouted, "You know as well as I do, this regime will not last for ever!" After a few days, Madan was sent to the Tihar jail where his co-workers saw the state he was in and wept and did everything to revive his spirit.

Hemant Vishnoi had planned to visit some colleges on August 9, the anniversary of the "Quit India" movement of 1942. He chose the DAV college at Srinivasapuri. The Police were there in force camping outside the college. However despite all the police *bandobast,* Hemant sneaked into the college premises entered one of the classrooms, introduced himself as a union leader to the teacher and sought his permission to speak to the students for a few minutes. This is a normal practice and such permission is routinely granted.

Hemant addressed the students for a few minutes. He told them: "If you don't want the massacre of Bangladesh to be repeated here, oppose all this repression." The students responded by shouting: "J.P. Zindabad," "Sangharsha Samiti Zindabad". That brought to the place students from other classes and they all gathered round Hemant. The college principal too reached the spot. When he realised what was going on, he rang up the police.

The police were, of course, right there, ever ready to oblige. Positioned just outside the college premises, they rushed in. But they were too late. Hemant had slipped through their very fingers, as it were, for they had ringed the college building and closely watched every one going in and out of the College. Hemant and his associates had vanished on their waiting scooters.

On August 15, at the Independence Day ceremony at the Red Fort, the police managed to make a few arrests. They had earlier noted the numbers of a few of the scooters used by the underground activists. They now discovered one of these numbers parked near the Red Fort, which provided the clue for the arrests.

Soon after, a few more workers were caught in possession of underground literature. When tortured, some of the boys gave up and confessed that R.K. Bhatia had supplied the literature to them. The police thereupon arrested all the male members of Bhatia's family and beat them up and for days kept them in the police lock-up.

Rajat Sharma was a thin, skinny, boy, and when he too was arrested, many wondered whether he would ever come out alive from the clutches of the police. But strangely enough, the police beat Rajat black and blue, but could not get a word out of him.

In early September the Sangharsha Samiti held an all-India conference of workers at Ahmedabad. This conference was attended by 22 representatives, one from each State. The conference chalked out further programme and established inter-state communication links. A country-wide satyagraha was planned to be launched in November.

The state representatives came back with instructions regarding the organisation of the satyagraha in their respective regions. But in Delhi communication with workers was becoming increasingly difficult and risky The Jana Sangh organisers thereupon hit upon a new method of meeting each other—they would organise picnics at open places like public parks, to which groups of workers, boys and girls would come for socialising. This occasion was used by underground workers to join in and mix with the other participants and exchange information and take directions for further action.

Such a picnic was organised on October 15 at Buddha Jayanti Park, in which some fifty young people, men and women, participated. The police got wind of it. The activists too came to know, but too late, that there had been a leakage, and so they could not contact the organisers and cancel the meeting.

Hemant Vishnoi was among those who was not aware of the leakage. However on the way to the Buddha Jayanti Park he noticed at Sardar Patel Road a cluster of police jeeps. He at once scented trouble and rushed to the park with the intention of warning the picknickers of the danger. At the entrance to the park, Hemant saw a bus parked with a banner clinging to its flank, reading "Medical College, Amritsar". Inside the bus were seated a number of women, who later turned out to be women police officers and other ranks in mufti belonging to the Rajendranagar and R.K. Puram police stations.

As Hemant reached the picnic spot, he sensed tension in the air. The police had surrounded the group of picnickers and ordered them to continue playing cards and other games in which they were engaged, so as to decoy the student leaders expected to join the party.

Hemant still did not realise the full implications of the situation and tried to talk to one of the student workers. Immediately a police officer stepped in and asked him who he was. Realising what was happening, Hemant tried bluff. He told the police officer that he had brought food for the picnic and he wanted to know where to deliver it. The police officer was not convinced. "You stay here," he ordered Hemant, who pleaded that he be allowed to bring the stuff he had left near the gate. The police officer barked at him: "Shut up and sit down."

The raised voice of the police officer created commotion, and the boys and girls in the party ran helter-skelter, trying to escape. The police thereupon fired a few shots in the air while the entire police force closed in on the group. The boys were asked to take off their shirts and their hands were tied at their backs with their shirts. The girls' chunnis were snatched off and used to tie up their hands behind them.

Hemant Vishnoi disclosed his identity and was pushed into a police jeep, while the other boys and girls were loaded on to the waiting bus, and they were all driven to the Cantonment Police Thana and lodged in the lock-up. In the evening Hemant was taken to SHO's room, where the Shahdara S.P., R.S. Sahay, and D.I.G. Bhinder were also seated. They started interrogating him. He replied to some of the questions. But when they demanded to know where he had slept at night, he refused to answer. Come what may, he was not prepared to betray his friends who had given him shelter. The interrogation got stuck at that point. "We know how to get it out of you," D.I.G. Pritam Singh Bhinder told him. "Go to bed with that thought. Meet you again!"

The next day, Hemant was sent to the Shahdara police station. That question was repeated to him. He repeated his answer. He was then told that V.K. Malhotra and M.L. Khurana had given out all that they knew. Why couldn't a mere student union fellow speak out? Hemant still kept mum.

"All right, then," said Sahay, "you need some 'heating'." He called two hefty police constables and turned Hemant over to them. They took him to another room, where the two showered fist blows on his backbone.

Hemant recalls that when he was still living the life of a hunted animal, he heard blood-curdling stories of police third degree methods applied on his fellow-workers, and shuddered at the thought of having to go through it all himself. Then he came across a book titled "Three years in Pakistani Jails", written by an Indian detained in Pakistani jail on charges of spying. In that book, the author wrote that the fear of torture was worse than the torture itself. Hemant also read how in the olden days those persecuted on grounds of religion used to shout praises of God to fight pain and fear. He then decided not to cry when tortured but instead raise slogans like "Loknayak ki jai" when pain became unbearable.

At the Shahdara Thana, the beatings administered to Hemant were alternated with interrogation. They kept on asking the same question about where he slept at night during the days he was underground. And they got the same answer from him, which was a firm refusal to speak on the subject. Hemant knew that once they broke him on this question, his resistance would cave in for ever.

Hemant was next made to lie down and asked to raise his legs up. The two musclemen then hit the soles of his feet with *dandas.* Thereafter his feet were so swollen that he could hardly walk for days. When that too failed to loosen his tongue, they made him lie on his stomach, removed his clothes and hit him with straightened rubber tyres.

When that failed, they tried a new trick. Two chairs were kept apart and his feet and body were tied in a sitting position. Then a bamboo was passed under his knees, and he was lifted in that position, and the bamboo was fastened to the arms of the two chairs. Then the victim was spun round and round the bamboo, like a chicken on the roast in an automatic roasting machine. No results.

Sahai's last exercise in third degree was the notorious "water treatment." They suspended him upside down and poured cold water on his face. The boy gasped for breath but still would not speak. The S.P. then added his own innovation to the treatment: he sent for some chilly powder and mixed it in water and drained it down the boy's nostrils. Hemant now fell unconscious. At that stage, this sadist threw in the towel.

The next morning, the boy bruised, swollen and bleeding, with chilly powder burning his eyes, nose and throat, was sent back to the Cantonment Thana, with S.P. Sahai's compliments! From there he was moved to Rajendranagar. There, another SHO tried his hand at extracting information from Hemant.

Hemant could hardly speak, but he spiritedly shouted: "You also may torture me as much as you like. But you won't get anything out of me." And then he slumped on the floor.

The next day when Hemant was produced in court under DIR, he was a half-dead-man–he could hardly stand up or speak. His body was blue and swollen. His eyes lacerated, red and half-shut. But the magistrate did not even glance at the accused, and ordered him to be taken to jail. Hemant heaved a sigh of relief. Well, he was still alive and out of the clutches of the police. Now he would live!

Hats off to these boys. No amount of brutality or third degree would make them squeal. Those who could not bear up with the agony and spoke up were very very few.

Many a Government official, even police, was however sympathetic and helpful. But they were exceptions that proved the rule, and it often depended upon the personal equation between the two. Nor did that apply to the 'faceless' other ranks, who always had to face the rough-end of the stick.

On June 26, at 8 a.m. Subramaniam Swamy got a telephone call which stated: "I will call on you if you are at home. If you are not at home, I won't bother." Swamy got the message and vanished.

V.K. Malhotra was in Mussoorie when the "flap" took place in Delhi. He got a telephone call from Delhi in advance to intimate to him that a police party was on its way to Mussoorie to arrest him. If he so desired he could have disappeared underground. But he chose not to. The police arrived in Mussoorie on June 27.

When she returned to Delhi from Mussoorie Mrs. Malhotra said she would like to know where her husband had been taken so that she could send him his medicines (Malhotra was ailing and was convalescing in the hill station). The police officer said: "All right. Ring me up tomorrow and name any place you would like to go to." Next morning Mrs. Malhotra rang him up and said in the phone: "I plan to go to Chandigarh." The police officer replied: "I think you are going to Ambala." Mrs. Malhotra took the hint, and immediately left for Ambala where Malhotra was detained.

5

IDI AMIN OUTDONE

THE BRUTAL TREATMENT and unspeakable cruelties inflicted by the police on Lawrence Fernandes is a gory story, indeed. Lawrence is the brother of the fiery trade union leader George Fenandes. The police were trying to extract information about the whereabouts of George, who was underground.

One evening the police called at Lawrence's residence at dusk, enticed him out and spirited him away. He was taken to COD (Corps of Detectives or, in other words, the Bangalore Police's torture chamber). As he entered the place, he was greeted with a sudden, stunning slap, which put him into a black-out for a few minutes. When he came to, he found the police had stripped him. Ten constables now belaboured him with lathis so forcefully that the lathis broke one after the other.

"I was writhing in pain on the floor," he later told the reporter of the Indian Express. "I begged. I crawled, and I begged again, as they kicked me around like a football". He sank to the floor, and it was about 3 a.m. when he woke up with a dying thirst. Lawrence begged for water. An officer asked a constable to urinate in his mouth, but the constable mercifully desisted. Then they would wet his lips with two spoonfuls of water. He had told them all he knew about his brother's and the latter's wife's whereabouts, which was not much, and failed to satisfy the police.

By then Lawrence's condition had become so critical that the police were afraid he might collapse. An officer asked the constables to ready a jeep, and Lawrence heard the officer tell them, 'Let's throw the guy before a running train and say he committed suicide.' He was taken out in a jeep to Vyalikaval police lock-up only to be returned to COD the next day. Now, for the first time, Lawrence heard a familiar female voice. It was Snehalata Reddy screaming.

Lawrence said the police called in a masseur to massage his bruised body. The masseur applied oil to his limbs but soon gave up saying it was beyond him to help Lawrence and advised the officers to move him to a hospital. His condition was so bad that the constables had to lift and carry him even to the toilet.

Some time later two officers took him out in a car. Lawrence broke down and wept. The officers told him that they were not responsible for the way he was treated in police custody. Their present duty was to prove that he was arrested at Chitradurga, a town 150 km away.

He was then driven to Davangere, where he was told he would be produced before a magistrate and that he should tell the magistrate that he was arrested that very day at the bus stand. He was then dumped into a cubicle swarming with bugs and cockroaches. Two local inspectors turned up and threatened to wipe out his family if he spoke of the police torture to the magistrate. He was forced to walk to the magistrate's house on barefoot, even though his legs were swollen to twice their normal size.

On May 11, Lawrence was brought back to Bangalore. Because of his critical condition, he had to be taken to hospital where the doctor said he should be x-rayed. But the police would not permit the x-ray. Thereupon the doctor sighed and said, "I am helpless, Fernandes. God alone must save you."

Then the police began to drug him, which led to dysentery that continued non-stop for three days. They now began to medicate him, as they were anxious to put him in better shape before producing him before the magistrate. When he went before the magistrate, there was no one to offer bail for him, and so he was taken back to police custody. Lawrence however did lodge a complaint with the magistrate about his ill-treatment in police custody. He was now lodged in a dark, stinking cell in central jail.

As he lay in the condemned cell in a daze, he heard a voice calling him again and again. There were voices all round him, and Lawrence thought he was having hallucinations. But he soon identified the voice of Madhu Dandavate, the Socialist leader and now Minister for Railways in the Janata Government. Madhu shouted: "Is that you, Lawrence? Now answer me. Were you tortured?"

Lawrence feebly replied 'yes', and there was a commotion outside. Madhu and other MISA prisoners went on a hunger-strike demanding that Lawrence be removed from the condemned cell and provided better accommodation. Lawrence's brother Michael was also in the same jail, but the two brothers were not allowed to meet each other. Lawrence resorted to hunger-strike for two days demanding a change to a better cell and an end to solitary confinement. By now he was reduced to a skeleton, having lost 20 kilos.

For the last few days before his release, the jail officials were extra-courteous to Lawrence and even offered him tender coconuts to drink!

Snehalata Reddy, a well known film star and heroine of the Kannada film "Samskara", was another martyr to the "Second Freedom Struggle". Her spirit will haunt the Karnataka police for a long, long time.

Snehalata's crime was that her family were friendly to the Fernandeses. Snehalata was a leading figure in the theatre and intellectual circles of Bangalore. "Snehalata was a very gentle and sensitive person, artist of a very high order, who was not involved in active politics at any time", writes Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay. Like many artists she kept an open house where one met people from all walks of life.

In the early summer of 1976, Mr. and Mrs. Reddy were on a visit to Madras when their son Konarak was abducted by the police. The police raided their house at midnight and ransacked it till morning, keeping Snehalata's 84-year old father awake for interrogation. The Reddys rushed back to Bangalore, with the police shadowing them.

With the whereabouts of her son unknown, Snehalata was already going insane with anxiety, and then the police started questioning her. Mentally and physically thus exhausted, she broke down and promised to "tell everything" if the police would restore her children and husband to her.

But she had very little to tell. The police were not satisfied. They took her to jail and kept her there for eight months. At first they charged her under IPC, and later got her under MISA. She was given C class and put through humiliating treatment. That broke her spirit. She was already a patient of asthma. Now she developed a heart ailment.

The black despair she was going through during those days in jail were evidenced in the diary she kept at that time. On July 26 she wrote: ". . .can't I be released or paroled on health grounds? I almost died because of the conditions here . . . . .My asthma has never been so continuous and severe. I will never get better here–inspite of injections. I'm going to have a nervous breakdown soon. . . . I am on the way to it. I want to go home and be with my people.

Please get me out soon, before Konarak (who was to go abroad for studies) leaves. Please. . . ."

On July 29, she wrote to the Commissioner for Home Affairs and Secretary to the State Home Department: ". . . .One night I had an asthma attack and the doctor could come only after an hour. After that day they brought four surgeons to examine me. They all proclaimed that I should be immediately sent to hospital as the allergic and closed-in conditions here would not help to subside it. After 20 days I was told by the authorities that not a single doctor recommended my hospitalisation."

She pleaded to the jail authorities to allow her family to see her. An entry in her diary says: "I repeatedly asked why they (the family) hadn't come–but no answer. I waited and waited. The doctor came and found me in agony. But nothing happened. He said the Superintendent had cancelled my interviews because I mishebaved with the Superintendent in front of the I.G. . . ."

"Chablani (the jail Superintendent)," she wrote, "is a sadist of the meanest order. . . . He is also a coward and a liar. I have never come across such an individual. He is bad-mannered, uncouth and perverse–strong words–but every word is true–because of him I walked into dead-ends and blank walls where I could not walk ahead, where all thought was stifled and I was helpless."

An entry reads: "No business to shut me up with the C class prisoners without air or even a window to look into the jail compound."

Another entry says: "They could convert a room for me near MISA (prisoners)–A or B–I have no stipulation. Here, no company either male or female: no walks, no fresh air and no communication. I know the MISA rules are liberal and fair–but this man, just to save expenses or to torment me, has devised this ruse. In fact he kept me from knowing my privileges, purposely so that he could torment me, if he put me alongside the MISA people he knew he couldn't get away with anything. . . he must be a perverse man to deliberately keep me here and torment me. God! Every day I dreaded to wake up. What new way would they invent to torment me!"

On August 1 she wrote: "Deliberate negligence–I will die here slowly, like a forgotten song of the past. Why are these people forcing me to die in public?"

Snehalata's health worsened. Her asthma intensified and became almost interminable. Deprived of her personal physician, she was treated to the lethal Cortisone. She was at last paroled for a month. On the last day of her parole, she was informed that she had been released for good. She was almost hysterical with joy. No one knew she had a heart ailment, developed while in jail.

Five days after her release, Snehalata died following a massive heart attack–on January 25, i.e., seven days after the elections were annonuced. Snehalata was a slim, youthful personality, writes Kamladevi. But the Snehalata that came out of jail was "a heavy, abnormally bloated, jaded elderly person."

The treatment meted out to Jayaprakash Narayan during the detention, considering that he was an ailing man, was unnecessarily harsh. It seemed as though the Government was punishing him for all the trouble he had created for them by rousing the people to fight against misrule.

Describing the conditions in which he lived during the 130 days of his detention, J.P. wrote (in a letter to friends): "I remained completely isolated (solitary confinement). The total isolation was very painful to me." There was no one with whom he could converse freely. The loneliness caused "a kind of mental torture."

J.P. urged the authorities to allow one of the many thousands arrested to be with him so that he would have a congenial companion with whom to exchange ideas while in detention. But the government turned down the request. Finally, they made the concession of letting J.P's personal servant, Gulab Yadav, stay with him in detention. But what J.P. needed was a companion not a personal servant.

Armed sentries were posted on either side of his room. He was not allowed to take walks in the open "which would have been good for my heart condition". He could do so only after he was transferred to the hospital rest house in the campus of the Post Graduate Institute of Medical Education and Research, Chanddigarh.

The government finally released J.P. "when it became clear that the disease I was afflicted with could not be diagnosed and that the chances of my survival were slender." Then again, the Government announced that he had been released on parole, which was an incorrect statement, for he had been released unconditionally.

A tragic sidelight of the rigid isolation enforced on Jayaprakash during his detention in

Chandigarh was the mental state to which an attendant waiting upon J.P. during his detention at the P.G.I. hospital rest house, was driven.

Sternly and repeatedly warned not to speak to J.P. or to any one about J.P., on pain of the severest penalty, this attendant went gaga. He carried out his duties grim-faced and lips sealed. He would not even speak to his family members. If any one attempted to speak to him, he would shoo him off with "Please don't talk. The Government will be finished."

Even after J.P. was released from P.G.I. and the bearer was relieved of his onerous duties, he would still refuse to talk. "No, Sir. Never," he would reply to anyone who assured him that he was now free to talk as he was no more attending on Jayaprakash Narayan. But he would mutter, "I shall never talk. I swear by God, I shall never —the Government will be finished. My family will be finished. No, Sir." He would touch his ears, as a gesture of submission. The man had ultimately to be sent up for psychiatric treatment.

An isolated, sprawling complex of a double-storey building up a narrow lane in Trivandrum has come to be one of the most notorious torture chambres in the country. This is the headquarters of the dreaded Crime Branch of Kerala police. Blow-ups of brutal murders, bodies with limbs severed, heads cut from the torso dripping blood, the vacant look in open eyes of the dead decorate the walls. Musty dingy cells constitute, the torture chambers.

A flight of steps lead to a spacious office room where sat Jayaram Padickal, a young IPS officer, who presided over the hell below. A number of telephones and various types of electronic devices created a sophisticated but somewhat eerie atmosphere in the room. A close circuit TV, said to be custom-made, brought him a grand-stand view of the horrors committed on helpless victims in the torture chambers. Jayaram could not only witness the devilish acts unseen, he could direct the operations.

No one who entered this horror home came out unscathed; often maimed and his nerves shattered, his life was ruined for ever. Beating, hanging people with their legs tied to bars and bodies suspended for hours were nothing compared to the special brands of tortures devised by Jayaram and his officers. The most "popular" and savage among these was the "ruler treatment". Here the victim was tied to a bench with his head suspended on one end. Then a long and heavy wooden ruler was placed on his legs. Two policemen either sat on the two ends or stood on it with the help of a hanger on the ceiling and rolled the ruler up the legs. More often than not, it tore the ligments off the bones and cracked the bones. It reduced the body below the waist into pulp. The victim could not even cry out in his excruciating pain as when he was stripped before putting on the bench, his underclothes were stuffed into his mouth. Often the victim fainted soon after the treatment began but the police believed in finishing their job end then threw the unconscious body into the cell.

Another devilish sport at the Trivandrum horror chambers was clipping the victim's Adam's Apple with two fingers and squeezing it. After this treatment the victim could not swallow even water for days.

Often the people rounded up and taken by the Crime Branch to these torture chambers were never heard of again; they just disappeared. Two such instances which came into the open and created public furore involved two young men, P. Rajan and Vijayan Nair.

Rajan was a student of the regional engineering college in Calicut. He was taken into custody by the Crime Branch in a pre-dawn swoop on the hostel on March 1, 1976. After that no one heard of Rajan.

The Kerala police Crime Branch headquarters are seized of another case of a missing man, Vijayan Nair, son of Purushothaman Pillai who was running a book stall at Varkala. Vijayan, was taken into police custody in broad daylight from the busy East Fort bus stop in Trivandrum city. That was on March 5, 1976. Vijayan was taken to the notorious headquarters and shared a cell with five others for about ten days.

One of these cell inmates later told a reporter that Vijayan was so badly tortured and his body mutilated that it would have been very embarassing for the police to produce him before the public.

From reports compiled by the Lok Sangharsha Samitis of the various States there emerges a pattern of brutality perpetrated by the police on political prisoners. When satyagrahis were taken into custody by the police, no case was registered against them. They were kept in illegal confinement for a few days, during which they were subjected to the following kinds of physical torture:

1) Stamping on the bare body with heeled boots.
2) Beating with canes on the bare soles of feet.
3) Rolling a heavy stick on the shins with a policeman sitting on either side of it.
4) Making the victim crouch for hours in a "Z" position.
5) Beating on the spine.
6) Slapping with cupped hands on both ears until the victim bleeds and loses consciousness.
7) Beatings with rifle butt.
8) Inserting live electric wires into body crevices.
9) Forcing the victim to lie nude on ice-slabs
10) Singeing the victim's body with lighted cigarettes and candle flame.
11) Denying food, water, and sleep and then forcing the victim to drink his own urine.
12) Stripping the victim, blackening his face and parading him in public.
13) Suspending the victim by his wrists.
14) Hauling him on "aeroplane": i.e., the victim's hands are tied behind his back with a long rope, the end hauled over a pully, leaving the victim dangling in mid-air, swinging.

The police of Haryana, Karnataka, Kerala and Madhya Pradesh displayed a special aptitude to sadistic conduct. Nor could the Central or State Government plead ignorance about these atrocities, as repeated representations on the subject were made to both Governments, who turned a deaf ear, and even encouraged the use of such methods in the hope of stamping out opposition and resistance.

Police beatings of those arrested is commonplace and is therefore no news and not worth reporting. We have therefore culled out only the unusual cases from these reports.

Putting on the "aeroplane" seemed to be the favourite sport of the Karnatak Police. Almost every third case of a satyagrahi arrested, the report stated, "beaten mercilessly, denied food and water and put on the 'aeroplane'."

Kerala's pastime was stripping the prisoners to their underwear and beating them by groups of 10 to 12 constables. No food was given to them while in custody. If physical signs of beatings were too obvious, they were not produced before a magistrate but moved from station to station.

Madhya Pradesh boasted of the largest number of political detainees and the most savage treatment meted out to detainees. In Bhopal, a seven year old girl, a polio victim, was taken into custody as hostage to force her mother Mrs. Rukamani, who had gone underground, to surrender. The latter surrendered but her daughter was not released. In the Gwalior district jail, political detainees were kept alongside notorious dacoits and allowed to be abused by them.

In Dewas, eight satyagrahis were taken to the police station and stripped of their clothes and wooden rulers were inserted into the orifices of their bodies. They were forced to perform sodomy and fellatio on each other while the police entertained themselves with the spectacle! Later they were ordered to raise slogans against the Jana Sangh and its leaders and to sign their resignation from the party under threat of forcible incest with their daughters.

At 11 o'clock in the night, bails were furnished on behalf of the prisoners but they were not released. They were then woken up at 4 o'clock in the morning and driven out miles away and dumped in Kannaud forest, so that they would not be able to present themselves in court the next morning and thus forfeit their bail. The Madhya Pradesh Sangharsha Samiti sent written protests to the Prime Minister, the Union Home Minister and the State Chief Minister, to no avail.

In West Bengal, the satyagrahis were treated like criminals and lodged with criminals at Siliguri, Alipur, Midnapur and Bankura.

Rajasthan's speciality was administration of electric shocks to political detainees in addition to severe beatings.

For sheer sadism Haryana, Bansilal's 'fiefdom', stole the show. The arrested satyagrahis were paraded in the streets with their shoes on their heads, beaten with rods, kicked and humiliated. A typical case was that of Jai Prakash, a local school teacher, who was made to stand all night naked in the open in winter, while buckets of water were poured over him. He was not allowed to sleep all night. Later he was tied with ropes and placed on a cycle-rickshaw with his face blackened and paraded through the town while being spat upon and beaten by policemen. Three satyagrahis arrested in Karnal were stripped naked, beaten and made to lie down while three policemen jumped all over their bodies.

Uttar Pradesh did not lag far behind in cruelty though it showed little originality. It was mostly beatings administered though in one case, the fingers of the satyagrahi were crushed under a plank.

The Indian police methods of administering third degree are crude and ancient, handed down from the days of the Moghuls. They seemed to be completely innocent of modern technology in the field of torture and sophisticated techniques of extracting information from a prisoner. They have obviously not heard of the new refinements in the art resorted to in America, Europe and Soviet Union. Their model seems to be Idi Amin Dada of Uganda.

No measure of the Government during the Emergency contributed more to the erosion of the rule of law and of established norms of civilised conduct than the suspension of the citizens' right of habeas corpus. That gave the police full licence to detain in the lock-up those arrested on political grounds as long as their whims or sadism dictated. The police were now immune from Court scrutiny of their misconduct towards those arrested.

Delhi's contribution to the "roll of honour" was 2,400, including over 40 women. Some three died in jail due to natural causes. As conditions in Indian jails go, the inmates of Tihar did not have any serious complaints to make. The food could have been better, but then that was what the outdated jail manual permitted. In the first five months, the conditions were pretty bad. Later there was much improvement.

Women poiltical prisoners suffered mainly because of congestion, as there was only one women's ward in the jail, and all kinds of women including prostitutes and other women criminals were also lodged in it. Rajmata Vijayraje of Gwalior and Rajmata Gayatri Devi of Jaipur were also kept in the same ward, though they were given cubicles, in which they were even permitted to cook their own food.

The "Second Freedom Struggle" however witnessed another exhilarating spectacle. Outraged by the suffocating conditions created by the Emergency and particularly deprivation of freedom of expression, writers, playwrights and poets came out of their ivory towers, and hot-gospelled against the hated Emergency.

A classic example comes from Maharashtra. Sixty-eight-year-old Miss Durga Bhagwat, a renowned Marathi writer was until two years ago completely uninterested in politics and deeply immersed in sociological research and literature.

Miss Bhagwat was intensely disturbed by the psychosis of fear gripping the people and the "peace of the graveyard" created in the land by the Emergency. She felt suffocated by the censorship on freedom of expression. "I would prefer not to live, rather than choke off my being," she declared to her friends. With those fiery words on her lips, she declared a one-woman war against the intolerable conditions.

In September 1976, the Marathi Sahitya Sammelan elected Miss Bhagwat its president for the year—a much cherished honour in Maharashtra. The session was scheduled to be held at Karad, Yeshwantrao Chavan's home town. Indeed, Yeshwantrao was chairman of the reception committee.

The sammelan session took place in July. About 10,000 people attended the three-day event. Durga seized the occasion to speak out. She uninhibitedly denounced the Emergency and censorship imposed on the country. She even planned to move from the Chair a resolution condemning the Emergency in particular and the Government's policies in general. She was however dissuaded from the move to avoid embarrassment to Chavan, who was the host.

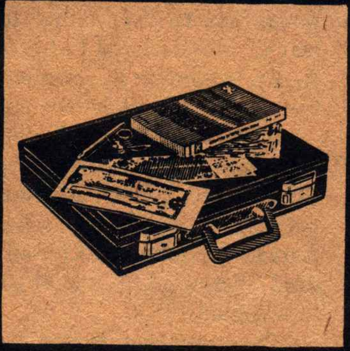
Thereupon she resorted to a strategem. She moved from the Chair a resolution praying for the speedy recovery of the great patriot Jayaprakash Narayan who was at the time lying gravely ill at Jaslok Hospital in Bombay, and proposed that the audience stand up for two minutes to pray for his health.

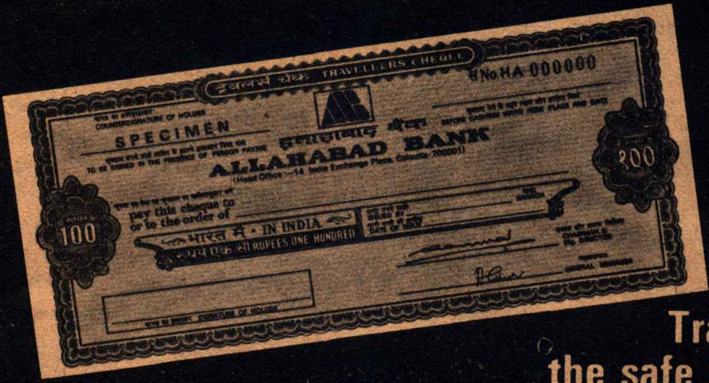
The entire audience, including Yeshwantrao Chavan, stood up in response to the resolution. Miss Bhagwat had made her point. Later Chavan clarified his own position. He said he believed that the Emergency was necessary and, anyway, Indira Gandhi was his leader and he accepted her policies.

A thoroughly roused Durga was now no longer a mere litterateur or a research scholar. She had turned a crusader against the Emergency and against the atrocities committed in its name. Wherever she went and was invited to speak, she would declare: "Forget Durga, the litterateur. She is dead. I live now only to see restoration of civil liberties."

A couple of incidents in August-September 1976 brought matters to a head between Miss

DON'T FORGET THE 'SAFE-MONEY'

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Bhagwat and the Maharashtra Government who had till then hesitated to touch her, thanks to the high regard and adulation in which Maharashtrians held her.

In August Durga was invited by Elphinstone College students to a function at their College in Bombay. She made it clear in advance to the student organisers that the only subject on which she spoke those days was the hated Emergency. She advised them to obtain their principal's permission for inviting her. The organisers sought the principal's permission for inviting Miss Bhagwat, but did not convey to him fully what she had told them. The Principal gave his consent in a routine way.

Miss Bhagwat came to the function and spoke of the humiliations of the Emergency and of the immoral actions of the Government against its own people. The authorities pronounced that speech as nothing short of incitement to students against the Government.

The second occasion was a function organised at Jacob's Circle, in Bombay, at the Ganesh Utsav, a festival which Lokmanya Tilak had raised to a high patriotic national event. Durga delivered a fighting speech, openly exhorting the people not to submit to repression and to fight for the rights which their Constitution had endowed on them. Durga is normally no great orator. On this occasion however her speech was packed with emotion and passion and swept the audience off their feet. They raised slogans condemning the Government and shouted "Indira Gandhi Murdabad."

That was the limit. The State Government now had to do something. The very next day they arrested her.

After the Janata victory at the general elections, Durga Bhagwat, who had by then been released, was invited to Delhi to take part in the pledge-taking ceremony at the Samadhi of Mahatma Gandhi. She came all the way to Delhi. When she got down at New Delhi railway station, she found there was no one to receive her. She was a stranger to Delhi, and did not know where to go. Fortunately, a Maharashtrian who happened to be on the platform, recognised her and invited her to his house. Durga participated in the solemn ceremony at Rajghat.

Another great Marathi writer, who had fought the battle against the Emergency and against the Congress Government's misrule, was also invited to a function celebrating election victory in Bombay, but declined the invitation. He pleaded that he was no politician, was never one and would never be one. He had come out from his shell temporarily to fight an evil. Now that demon had been destroyed, he considered his job done, and was going back to his pen.

That person was P.L. Deshpande, the renowned Marathi playwright and humorist, who campaigned for the Janata candidates in Bombay and Poona during the elections, and entertained audiences with his wit and oratory and won millions of votes for the Janata Party candidates.

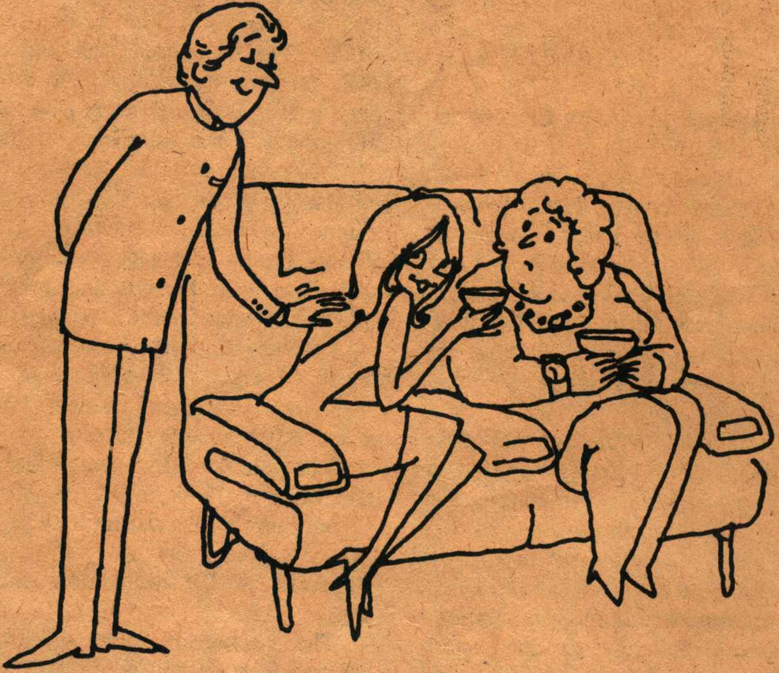
Phanishwar Nath Renu, from Bihar, was another literary recluse who was not interested in politics and confined himself to his literary ivory tower. He was roused to plunging into the struggle launched by Jayaprakash Narayan in that State in 1974, to protest against the State Government's misrule, inefficiency and corruption. He joined the historic, mammoth procession led by JP, faced lathis and teargas, and went to jail.

The renowned author of "Maila Anchal," "Teesra Kasam" and many another great novel, Renu was a sick man, suffering from several ailments including a cancerous tumour in his stomach. But he was so deeply stirred by the non-rule of the weak and corrupt Congress Government of the State that he decided to come out of his shell and fight for the great cause proclaimed by Jayaprakash Narayan. Who knows, the jail term and the hazards of a political struggle he went through might have hastened his death at 56, in April 1977.

As a protest against the Emergency and Governmental repression, Renu returned to the Central Government the Padma Shri conferred on him and refused to draw the Rs.250/- monthly pension which the Government of Bihar used to pay him.

There must have been many such stars shining on the Indian firmament during that long dark night, which deserved a niche in this chapter, but in the short time available to compose this book, the task of hunting them out in this vast land and writing about them was a well nigh impracticable task.

In all 1,50,000 persons, from all over the country, were put in jail. Of these, 40,000 were detainees (who had been rounded up without any specific charge against them). The rest were satyagrahis who had courted arrest, including some 5,000 Akalis.



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6

THE SHUKLA MAFIA

VIDYA CHARAN SHUKLA's performance at the Planning Ministry was nothing to write home about. He wished he had remained at Defence Production, where there was greater scope for his pushful personality. He however met his metier at the Information and Broadcasting Ministry where, following the proclamation of Emergency, Mrs. Gandhi sent him over to displace Inder Gujral. This was work after his heart; plenty of limelight plus the glittering company of film stars, particularly the female of the species. With Emergency conditions, control of the mass media became a task of the highest priority, and as he threw his weight about among the spineless newspaper industry and vulnerable personalities of the film world, he discovered he was indeed cut out for the role.

At the I & B Ministry Shukla did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He assumed charge on Saturday, June 28, at noon. By 2 p.m., Dr. A. R. Baji, Principal Information Officer, P.I.B., was on the phone intimating editors of major Delhi newspapers of a meeting at 4 p.m. the same day, with the new Minister.

This unforgettable meeting, unforgettable to the assembled editors, signalised the new style of operation at the I & B Ministry. Among those who attended the meeting were S. Mulgaokar of the *Indian Express,* George Verghese of the *Hindustan Times,* Girilal Jain of the *Times of India,* Surindar Nihal Singh of the *Statesman,* and Vishwanath of *Patriot.* M. Chalapati Rau of the *National Herald* was not there.

Electricity had just been restored to the Press after a three-day blackout. The Censor was in full control, and after three days of suspension, the newspapers came out once again, but maimed and mauled. Some had left the editorial columns blank; others blanked out patches in the news columns indicating censored portions. Now the editors brushed up their Tagore. The *Financial Express* filled the editorial column with Tagore's famous poem which read:

Where the mind is without fear,
and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up
into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out
from the depths of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches
its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason
has not lost its way
into the dreary desert sand
of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee
into ever-widening thought and action
Into that heaven of freedom
my Father, let my country awake.

Nikhil Chakravarty in the *Mainstream* filled his Editor's Notebook with another Tagore poem under the heading *Tagore for Today:*

Beautiful skin. Comes from within.

Impurities in the blood show up on your skin in the form of pimples, boils and other troubles. To keep your skin free from these, you must keep your blood free from impurities. With Safi— the blood purifier.

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Cleans your blood. Clears your skin.

Freedom from fear is the freedom I claim for
you, my Motherland!–fear, the phantom
demon, shaped by your own distorted
dreams;
Freedom from the burden of ages, bending
your head, breaking your back, blinding
your eyes to the beckoning call of the
future;
Freedom from shackles of slumber wherewith
you fasten yourself to night's stillness,
mistrusting the star that speaks of truth's
adventurous path;
Freedom from the anarchy of a destiny,
whose sails are weakly yielded to blind
uncertain winds, and the helm to a hand
ever rigid and cold as Death;
Freedom from the insult of the dwelling in a
puppet's world, where movements are
started through brainless wires, repeated
through mindless habits; where figures
wait with patient obedience for a master
of show to be stirred into a moment's
mimicry of life.

In the Minister's office-room, as he addressed the editors, one could feel the tension in the atmosphere. They found that this was a different Shukla from the one they had known in the past; no more that amiable, friendly soul. This was an altogether different *avatar*–this was Mr. Hyde now, not Dr. Jekyll, cold grim-faced, authoritarian. Was he putting on an act?

Right at the outset Shukla made it clear, in so many words, that the Government was not pleased with the editors' performance, and that they would have to mend their ways. He said the editors might have their own views on what had happened (meaning the promulgation of Emergency). But the Government had to act and enforce the Emergency and achieve its objectives. He sternly warned the editors that there should be no more blank spaces, no more quotations, be they from Tagore or Nehru. Those quotations, he felt, were irrelevant in the present context.

Mulgaokar was one of those who had left the editorial columns blank as a protest against pre-censorship. He sought to justify his action. Shukla silenced him by saying that they wouldn't be allowed to do it.

George Verghese referred to the three-day power-cut when newspapers could not function. Shukla did not deny that the cut was carried out at the instance of the Government. He explained that the Government had to take recourse to that method because they were not ready with their censorship machinery and felt that it would be best to shut the newspapers till the arrangements were complete.

One of the editors said he found it impossible to accept such dictates. Well, replied the Minister, in that case we will see how to deal with your paper.

The Minister's statement stunned the assembled editors. Girilal then tried to argue. He said such restrictions were not imposed even during the British regime.

Shukla cut him short with: This is not the British regime. This is national Emergency.

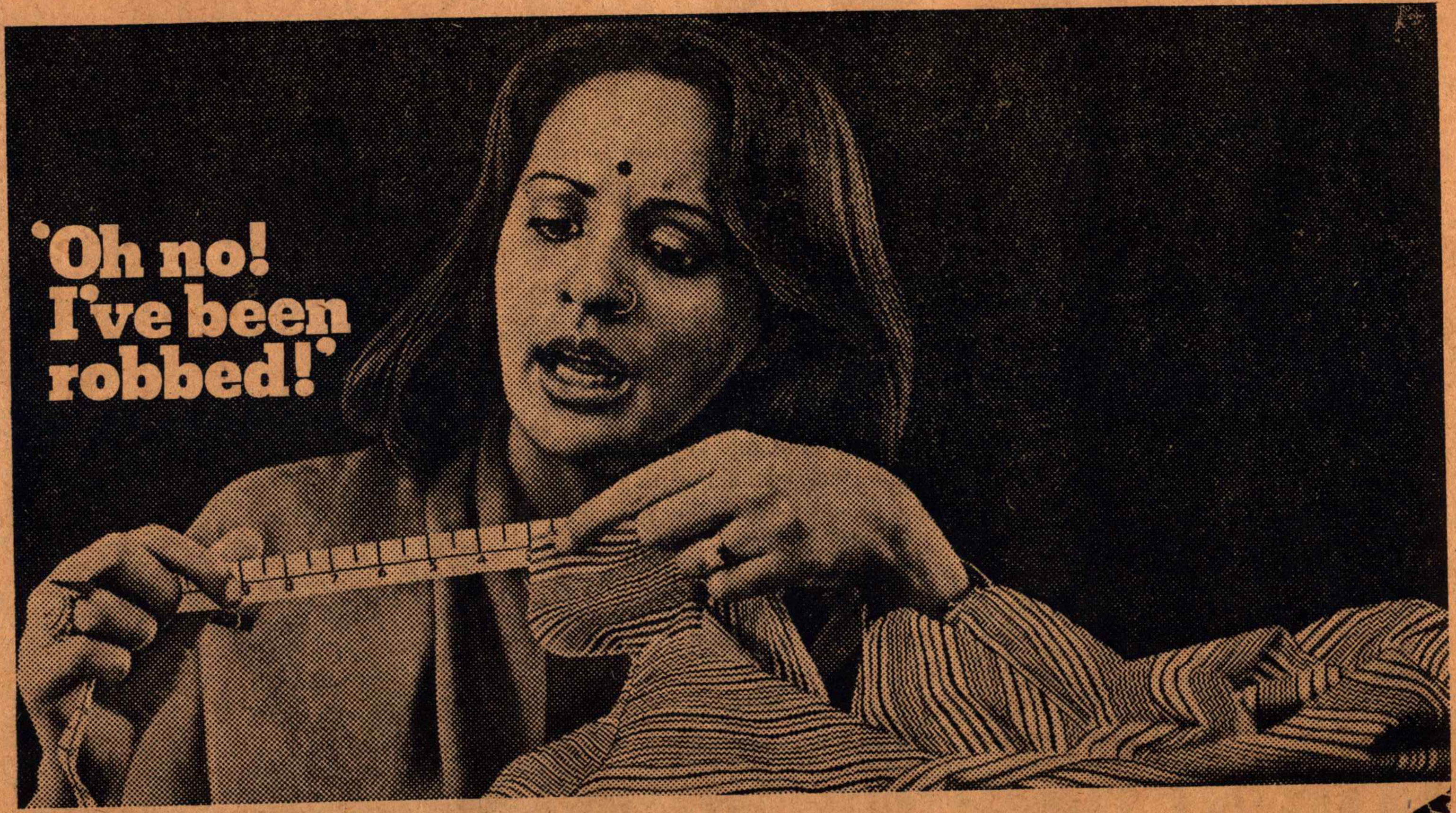
With that the dialogue broke down, and a hushed silence fell on the meeting. The meeting dispersed, with the editors looking sullen and agitated.

At the I & B Ministry Shukla proved a whole-hogger. He straightway bent his energies to forging the diverse mass media in the country into a single, cohesive, powerful instrument of Government and party publicity. To that end he mooted the idea of a merger of the existing four news agencies into one single unit, controlled and directed by his Ministry. Radio and Television became blatant propaganda vehicles of Government, even tending to propagate a personality cult disturbingly reminiscent of Goebbels' radio of Nazi Germany preaching the Fuehrer cult.

And to that end also he sought to mould the newspapers, particularly the larger metropolitan newspapers, with a shape after his heart, so that all mass media could operate like an orchestrated mechanism, with his Ministry conducting it. Those papers which refused to bend were punished with stoppage of Government advertisements. Those thus punished numbered about a hundred.

The process of arm-twisting of the newspapers began in right earnest; the arm twisted was generally that of the proprietor or general manager rather than that of the editor, as that produced quicker results. Anyway, in the Government's calculations the editors did not count. Thus the *Times of India* group was reached *via* its general manager Ram Tarneja.

Once George Verghese was got rid of, there was no problem with the *Hindustan Times*, as its proprietor K.K. Birla was ever willing! In Chandi-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garh, the *Tribune*, a Trust, paid its price for independence in the shape of a denial of Government advertisements and other kinds of harassment, including pressure for a change of editor in favour of one, more pliable from the Government's viewpoint. The *Hindu* of Madras and Tushar Kanti Ghosh's *Amrit Bazar Patrika* were already eating out of the Government's hands, and were no problem. And so were *Hindustan Standard* and *Ananda Bazar Patrika* of Calcutta and *Free Press Journal* of Bombay.

The leftist *Patriot* had been blacklisted for Government and other advertisements, because the newspaper would not be party to building up Sanjay into a major hero and kept him out of its front page. The *Motherland* had been crushed right at the outset. Among the Hindi and Urdu papers of Delhi, *Milap* and *Tej* were basking in Government's patronage, while *Pratap* had been crushed out like a bug.

C.R. Irani of the *Statesman* and Ram Nath Goenka of the *Indian Express* chain however refused to be tamed, and so hereafter Shukla's all wiles and coercive tactics were directed to these two newspaper houses.

Shukla first tried to impose Government nominees on the Boards of Directors of the troublesome newspapers. The Government imposed, for a while, their own nominees on the *Indian Express* Board. But Irani of the *Statesman* stoutly resisted the manoeuvre to the end. Every kind of Mafia trick was tried. They valiantly fought for their rights in courts and kept Government's gory hands off them.

When the *Times of India* group of newspapers was restored to the Jains in August, Shukla summoned Ashok Jain, the proprietor, and suggested that he should have on his new Board Sanjay Gandhi's nominees.

Shukla by now developed an amazing technique of dealing with newspapers and news agencies which he put into effect with ruthlessness and a complete lack of scruples. To execute these techniques, appropriately enough, he brought into his Ministry a policeman, K.N. Prasad, as Officer on Special Duty, who was later promoted to the rank of Additional Secretary in appreciation of his outstanding services. The only effective methods that policeman knew of getting things done was third degree and force, and he used these methods for all he was worth. His tongue was as brusque as his methods.

Cynicism, euphemism and double-talk were the viruses that completely vitiated the credibility of the Government's statements and conduct. Words began to acquire meanings contrary to those given in the dictionary.

For example, when the Information Minister expressed his gratification in the Lok Sabha at the voluntary merger of the four news agencies in the country into Samachar, his audience knew that he knew and that they knew that he had achieved the merger, by sticking a pistol to the backs of the Directors of the four news agencies and getting them to sign on the dotted line.

When Shukla was swearing in the Parliament that there was no more pre-censorship in the country, the Bombay High Court was hearing a petition against the Censor for taking a newspaper to task for not getting the impugned article pre-censored before publishing it. Indeed, the Bombay High Court censored the censor for misuse of censorship.

There were instances where a news report or an article officially passed by the censor was ordered to be withheld from publication over the phone by oral orders. A news item passed by one censor would be further censored by another. The powers of censorship were abused to suppress news reports relating to squabbles within the Congress Party which had nothing to do with national security, internal or external. It was even misused to protect personal friends of Ministers and suppress awkward news about them.

From the public platform, the Information Minister and his boss, the Prime Minister, blamed the imaginary sins of omission and commission by the Indian Press upon their 'monopoly capitalist reactionary' proprietors. In private, the Government extended the fullest patronage to those very monopoly capitalists and felt no qualms of conscience about collecting from them fabulous contributions for party funds.

Shukla insisted that newsmen keep off Sanjay Gandhi. After the election debacle, Shukla confessed, though it now sounded like a lame *alibi*, that at the I & B Ministry, he had no choice; he was carrying out orders 'from above.'

With the vulnerable film industry, Shukla played ducks and drakes. It was the love-hate relationship of a despot. He was thrilled in the company of glamorous film stars yet if they failed to submit to his fancies he threatened them with police and MISA. If a singer refused to play to Shukla's tunes, his discs were banned on AIR

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and TV; if an actress did not submit to his demands, he had her house raided for tax evasion; if a producer failed to provide the desired entertainment, his films got stuck at the Censors. Shukla's style was to bluff, bluster, and terrorise to get what he wanted.

When the noted playback singer Kishore Kumar failed to appear at the Yough Congress music show in the capital his songs were banned on radio and TV. Shukla compelled the melody queen Lata Mangeshkar to abandon her principle of not singing at privately sponsored functions. He even wanted her to sing at a youth leader's house. That is where Lata drew the line.

In the film industry as elsewhere Shukla had his henchmen who functioned as intermediaries between Shukla and the industry to strike various deals.

G.P. Sippy, President of the All India Film Producers Council was a friend and confidante of Shukla. In fact arrangements for the Minister's stay and entertainment during his frequent trips to Bombay were handled by Mr. Sippy.

In mid-1975 Sippy asked for permission to export 12 prints of his film 'Sholay.' He said he had signed an agreement with a firm in London for exhibition of that film in U.K. and Europe. The Board of Film Censors had raised some objections as the film is full of violence and sex. Mr Shukla ordered that the film be cleared by the Censor Board within 24 hours and the producer given permission to export the prints. Following a routine procedure, the officers handling the job sent a telex to the Indian High Commission in London to check the credentials of the London firm who were importing the prints. Next day they got the reply; there was no such firm in London or for that matter anywhere in U.K. The officer incharge sent a note about it to the Joint Secretary concerned who commended the officer's vigilance and forwarded the note, with his own signature, to the Minister. Next morning the Minister asked the Joint Secretary to proceed on leave. The file was sent back to the officer incharge with a long note from Shukla. The Minister said he had checked the facts and was satisfied about the agreement for the export of the film. He reprimanded the officials for causing unnecessary obstructions and ordered immediate clearance of the film.

The resignation of B.K. Karanjia from the Chairmanship of Film Finance Corporation has remained a mystery. Shukla had censored even news reports of the incident. But there is an explanation.

The International Film Festival for non-competitive films was held in Bombay in January 1976 under the auspices of the Film Finance Corporation. Mr Karanjia was the Chairman of the Managing Committee for that Festival while Jagat Murari was the Director of the Festivals at the Ministry. On December 23, 1975, Shukla sent his right hand man in the Ministry, Secretary S.M.H. Burney, to see that film industry too was involved in the Festival. At a meeting of the festival committee and representatives of the film industry that day in Bombay, Burney got up to say he was there to ask the film industry to take over the Festival! One of the senior film actors remarked that perhaps the Secretary desired the industry's moral support and cooperation which they would be happy to extend. No, replied Mr Burney, it was not a question of moral support and cooperation. He wanted the industry to take over the Festival as those handling it had proved incompetent. The Director, he said, knew nothing about films or film festivals. On the same table, next to Burney sat B.K. Karanjia and Jagat Murari. They were shocked out of their wits. Burney did not even glance in their direction.

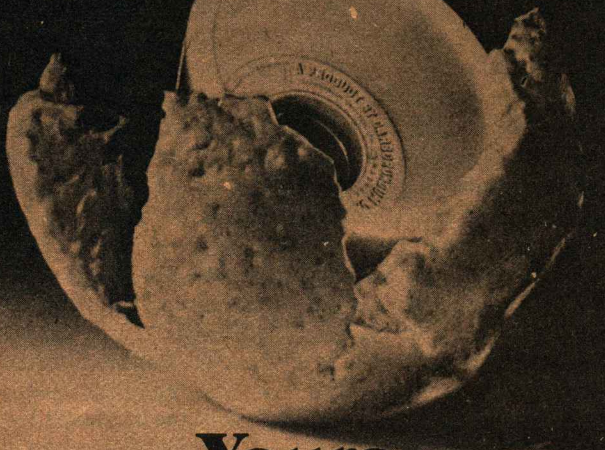
When the meeting broke for lunch B.K. Karanjia walked up to Burney and said he did not wish to create a scene at the meeting, but the Secretary could have his resignation then and there.

Jagat Murari refused to eat his lunch. That was his way of protesting.

Mr Shukla and his minions, who were nicknamed 'chhote Shukla' by the flustered officials, played havoc at the Sixth International Film Festival in New Delhi. The Ministry and Festival Directorate had announced that even the Ministers would have to buy their tickets for the Festival films. No complimentary tickets would be issued. In actual practice, however, no less than a hundred complimentary tickets were issued daily to the Minister's household and secretariat.

It was Mr Shukla's idea to call Sophia Loren to preside over the Festival Jury. The others on his list were Elizabeth Taylor and Brigitte Bardot. Satyajit Ray was invited to head the jury only after Miss Loren declined the invitation.

The press were treated like outcastes at the Festival. Out of the 290 odd films screened, only



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about 40 were shown at press shows; of these 25 were in the competitive section and only 15 in the information section. The press shows started at an unearthly hour of 7 in the morning in December-January, and continued non-stop till 11 a.m.

However Shukla and his men failed to acquire a suitable Indian film as an entry to the International Festival which the country was hosting. They thought of Mrinal Sen's *Mrigya* but Mrinal preferred to send it to a European Festival. Sham Benegal agreed to enter his *Manthan* but the Minister was annoyed with Bengal over the *Nishant* entry to Chicago and London Festivals. Against Shukla's wishes, Benegal had got *Nishant* cleared through the Prime Minister's intervention. Though an I & B Ministry officer went to Bombay to view *Manthan*, he left after seeing half the film and Benegal did not hear any further from Delhi. At one time Shukla thought of entering *Sholay*. But ultimately the Ministry selected a somewhat routine Bombay film, *Mausam*, as the Indian entry.

The annual function for distribution of National Awards to films and film artistes is an occasion for the I & B Minister to distribute patronage. For the 1976 function Shukla decided to get Hema Malini to dance at the function. When told that she was already booked for that day to perform in Bombay, his reply was: 'Get her—I want her here—this is an order.'

People at the Ministry knew that when Shukla commands a glamour queen it is not easy for her to refuse. Hema came but on her terms.

The function was not without its scandals. Glamorous actress Zeenat Aman had been asked to compere at the inaugural function. However, at the last minute the officer who was to escort her to the festival venue was sent elsewhere by the Minister while Miss Aman waited in her hotel. Ultimately when she came, alone, enraged and late, the function had already begun. She kicked up a row charging the Minister with deliberately insulting her because she had 'refused to submit to his amorous demands.'

Sometime in early 1976, the Oberoi chain of hotels wrote to the Minister for Information and Broadcasting requesting for funds to promote tourism in India through expansion of their hotels abroad.

About Rs.5.2 crores belonging to the Motion Pictures Export Association of America were lying blocked with the I & B Ministry. The Association had agreed to the Indian Government's use of these funds. There was a vague understanding that these funds would be utilized for the development of cinema in the country. Now Oberoi wanted these funds to be released for expansion of their hotels abroad. Mr Shukla asked one of the officers to process the proposal at the earliest.

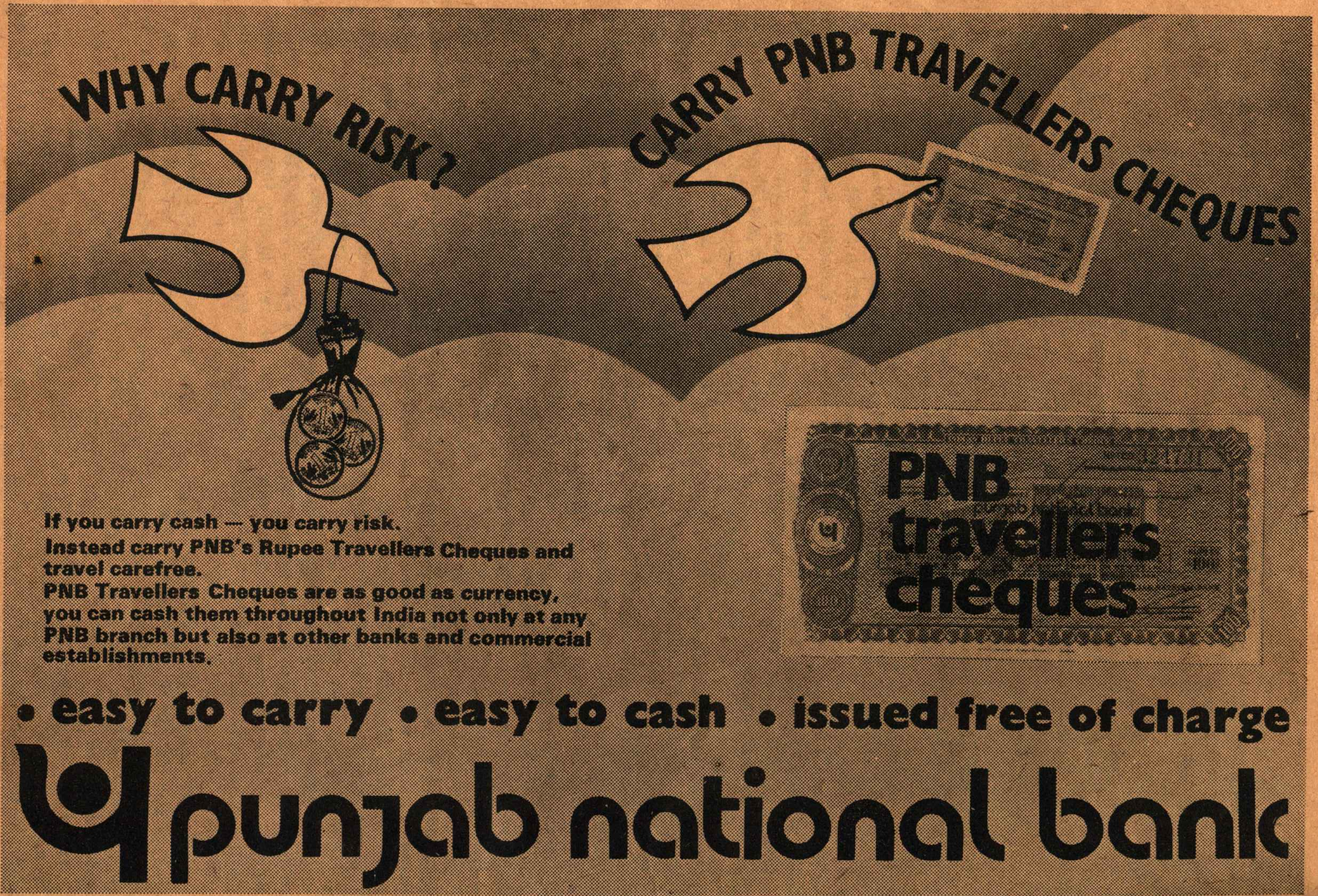
The officer, realising that big money was involved, referred the matter to the Ministry of Economic Affairs as also the Department of Tourism asking them if the Oberois had approached them also. Both replied in the negative. At the suggestion of the I & B Ministry officer, the Economic Affairs Ministry called a meeting where the Department of Tourism and Oberoi hotels also were represented. When Shukla came to know about it, he scolded his officer for 'opening his mouth too wide' and directed him to write to the Economic Affairs Ministry that I & B Ministry had no objection to the release of the funds to the Oberois.

The note was duly sent. The puzzled Economic Affairs Ministry officials called another meeting where the I & B Ministry officer was asked about the sudden change in his Ministry's stand. The officer explained that earlier his Ministry had not thought of commercial utilisation of the funds. But now that a proposal had come, the Ministry would consider, after earmarking some money for Film Finance Corporation, Indian Motion Picture Export Corporation and the Children's Film Society, releasing the surplus funds to the applicant. The surplus funds came to about Rs.3.5 crores. These funds could be, after some formalities, converted into foreign exchange and utilized abroad.

The I & B Ministry officer later found that the Oberois had spent on their hotels abroad much more than what they had received as loan from the World Bank some years ago. The Reserve Bank was now asking them as to where they got the extra money from in foreign exchange which had been spent by them on their hotels?

Oberois agreed to accept the reduced amount of Rs.3.5 crores offered to them. The Economic Affairs Ministry approved of it. But ultimately the deal fell through, and the amount was never paid to the Oberois. This happened around March 1977.

Taking over of the Metro cinema complex in Calcutta was an example of Shukla's bluff and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buster tactics. One fine morning Shukla called one of his officers in the I & B Ministry and ordered him to 'take over' the Metro cinema complexes in Bombay and Calcutta. When the bewildered officer asked how? Shukla said 'I have studied the matter. Smugglers are involved with these complexes and employees are not paid regularly. So we have a good case.'

The officer wanted to know under what rules should he 'take over' these properties. Forget the rules, replied Shukla. 'You will get all the police help you need to do the job.' There was no danger of adverse publicity either, the Minister added, the press was under strict censorship. A couple of days later, Shukla called the officer again and told him that he had spoken to the Chief Ministers of Maharashtra and West Bengal and the officer should go to Calcutta and take over the Metro cinema complex there. The officer was still worried. What would the I & B Ministry do with these commercial cinema houses? Film exhibition or distribution was not one of their functions. How would they run these cinema houses? The Minister asked him to consult the Law Ministry. The Law Ministry agreed with the officer. Film exhibition and distribution was not part of Central Government's functions. 'But if your Minister desires to take up these functions,' remarked the Law Ministry official tongue in cheek, 'he can get the Constitution amended.'

The I & B Ministry official reported back to Shukla. The Minister listened to the proposal and said: 'Well then, that is no problem; we will get the Constitution amended'!

Thanks to the ingenuity of the officer, he saved the Constitution! He suggested the Metros could be taken over in the name of the Film Finance Corporation. But the question was how?

In early February, the officer was sent to Calcutta with a clear mandate to take over the Metro complex, if necessary with police help. On arrival in Calcutta the officer found that most of the Ministers and top State officials had gone to Delhi. So he met a senior officer in the Information Department and with his help got overnight a notice printed under the Land Acquisition Act. The notice indicated Central Government's intention to take over the Metro property. Armed with that document, next morning he walked into the Metro Manager's office. He started by telling the Manager that the Government knew of the smuggling and such other illegal activities of the Metro management; that the Government had decided to act, and soon they all would be behind bars. The scared Manager begged to be spared. The officer promised mercy if the manager handed over the charge of the building and keys etc., to him. The Manager saw the acquisition notice and readily complied with the demand. Within minutes the police were guarding the premises while Government staff were called to make an inventory of the property. Booking for shows was suspended and patrons asked to get refund for tickets already sold.

Within a few days the operation was completed and the officer returned with Metro in his pocket!

The kind of attitude Shukla had towards film people, the contemptible language he used, their humiliation and blackmail, had turned even his friends in the industry against him. When election was announced he commandeered film stars to campaign for the Congress. But such was the ire of the people against the ruling party that they did not spare even the matinee idols. Two top stars campaigning in U.P. were shouted down the stage. According to Shatrughan Sinha, Shukla threatened to involve him in the Baroda dynamite case if he did not campaign for the Congress Party in Bihar.

After the Emergency was lifted and the 'wind of change' indicated Janata Party's emergence as a forceful opponent, some younger stars in the film industry realised that that was their chance to throw off the oppressor. It was now or never. On March 13, a group of film personalities including among others, the Anand brothers, (Dev, Vijay and Chetan) Pran, Shatrughan Sinha, and Amol Palekar gave a call to film people to come out openly in support of the Janata Party. Their rally at Juhu-Vile Parle grounds was a thundering success. Producers, directors and stars spoke in public of the humiliations and terror to which they had been subjected. The impact of the rally was felt far and wide. In Shukla's constituency cinema houses, which were earlier supporting Congress, became election offices for Janata Party.

There were film people who with their personal loyalty to the Nehru family kept aloof from the new wave. But even G.P. Sippy, Shukla's host of many an evening, cursed Shukla for his oppressive tactics. When news of Shukla's defeat reached Bombay, the film industry celebrated it with twenty victory parties.

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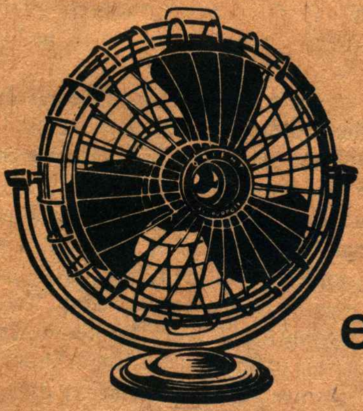

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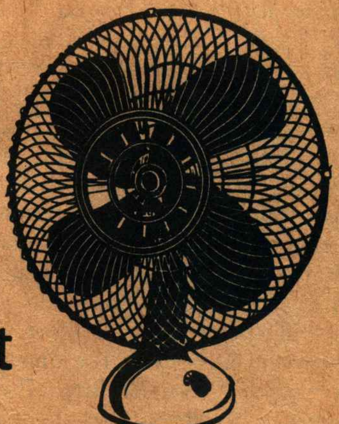

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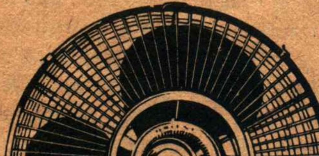

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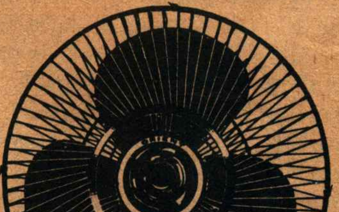

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CENSORSHIP RUNS AMUCK

A STUDY and analysis carried out by the Janata Party of the Censorship performance during the Emergency reveals that 'far from censorship having been relaxed during the eighteen months before it was decided not to enforce the order, it was used more extensively with the passage of time. Pre-censorship and a total ban on the publication of certain items has been resorted to by the Central and State Governments even for purposes that bore no relationship whatsoever to the censorship code laid down or the guidelines'.

The censor almost daily gave oral pre-censorship orders over the telephone. Infringement was met with punishment. Pre-censorship was used to suppress or 'moderate' reports of court proceedings and judgments, black out parliamentary proceedings and prevent the public from knowing the Opposition's point of view on major issues.

The censorship was further used to cover up official embarrassments of various kinds, favour select individuals and 'expose' others. Comment or sometimes 'adverse comment' was banned. News and comment on the transfer of the High Court judges was blacked out. The proceedings in the case of Tul Mohan Ram, the Congress MP facing trial on forgery charges in the Pondicherry 'licence scandal' was subject to pre-censorship. Quite often, only the Samachar reports were permitted to be published on various events of public interest, which meant official handouts.

The list of 'oral censor orders' included ban on:

All reports, features, photographs and captions about demolition of juggies in Delhi;

Reports, comments, articles or edits on bonus until further notice.

On token strikes on the bonus issue.

On Afzal Beg's speeches on Jammu and Kashmir's links with the Centre.

On the Delhi High Court judgment striking down the Administration order restricting interviews with MISA detainees.

On reports or pictures of the DDA demolition around Jama Masjid except those issued or authorised by the DDA, edits must be cleared by the DDA.

Details of the Congress Working Committee draft resolution.

The question at Wild Life Board meeting as to why a certain Maharaja's brother was given a hunting licence.

Jayaprakash Narayan's visit to Bombay was subject to pre-censorship, no photograph to be used.

Even the fact that the Finance Minister C. Subramaniam rested for a while in the course of his budget speech, was not to be mentioned in press reports.

Answers to parliamentary questions on censorship and the court case on censorship and Prevention of Publication of Objectionable Matter Act were all banned.

The resignation of B.K. Karanjia from the Film Finance Corporation and appointment of a new chairman was also banned.

A censor's order of March 31, stated: 'Samachar report on the Lok Sabha question on Coca Cola Export Corporation may be used. Otherwise pre-censorship.'

Another entry under April 1976 states: 'Censor is issuing the official version of the Turkman Gate incident; this is not to be played up and should be used with the suggested heading. Any other heading must be cleared.'

Then there is the entry which reads: "Sanjay Gandhi today walked out of a function held in his honour. No report or pictures to be published.' Yet another entry says: 'No publication of

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London arrest of actress Nargis for shop-lifting.'

Other banned items were:

Reports on Boeing payoffs. (June 22).

News of Begum Vialyat Mahal squatting at New Delhi railway station (May 22).

News report regarding the judgment in the case of Dalmia Jain Airways.

In any report on Bansi Lal's speech in Rohtak today (June 9) delete any reference to future relations or conflict with Pakistan.

Until July 14 no news comments, pictures on the Israeli raid on Entebbe airport, Uganda. In particular justification for eulogising the raid (July 8).

Security Council debate on Entebbe raid (July 10).

No news or comment on Delhi High Court order on *Statesman* petition with regard to a censor order (July 29).

A statement by Radhakrishna Bajaj on behalf of Acharya Vinoba Bhave being circulated by Samachar should be published prominently (August 10).

No news or comment about Subramaniam Swamy, Rajya Sabha Member, having raised a point of order today (August 10, 1976) in Parliament nor any other report about him relating to Parliament should be used.

New York Times' William Border's interview with Kewal Singh should not be published.

Another order issued on December 19, 1976 stated: 'With immediate effect all stories, comments, reports relating to intra-party rivalries within the Congress and between the Youth Congress and the All India Congress should not be used. This applies particularly to West Bengal, Orissa and Kerala.'

Any statement by Chief Ministers, or Congress leaders regarding the celebration of Mr Sanjay Gandhi's birthday on December 14 should not be published, stated yet another order.

An order on January 8, 1977 read: 'All stories on intra-party affairs in Congress including meetings of leaders may be kindly sent for pre-censorship.'

How did the Indian Press as a whole and the individual editor and journalist react to this outrageous conduct of the Government towards them?

It has to be confessed that the Indian newspapers generally failed to rise to the occasion. The newspapers failed to discharge their duty in a modern state as a tribune of the people or even in the humbler role of a medium of communication of information. There is apparently a congenital deficiency in the structure of the Indian newspapers that makes it impossible for them to stand up and, if necessary, suffer and sacrifice for the cause of freedom of the Press.

Watching the scene during the nineteen months of Emergency, one fact became self-evident: where the owner of a newspaper is a whole-time newspaper operator, with no other commercial interest to compromise his position, such a newspaper proprietor feels impelled to fight for the integrity and independence of *his* paper and thereby for the freedom of the Press. This was true as much of the *Statesman* as of the *Indian Express.*

In the case of the latter, Ram Nath Goenka is primarily a wholetime newspaper man who later strayed into other business enterprises, but his main anchor was his newspaper enterprise. Irani is a wholetime newspaper man intensely involved in the newspaper operation and proud of it too. On the other hand, where a newspaper is owned by a 'monopoly capitalist' and who is, besides, an absentee newspaper proprietor, to whom his newspaper is one of the many industries he owns and which is primarily an instrument to promote or defend his other interests, such a proprietor would not be overly concerned about sustaining the integrity of his newspaper at any sacrifice.

To him a newspaper is just one of the many industries he owns, all of which must bring him good returns for his investment. It is to him another kind of factory, producing news instead of jute or cement, plus commanding political influence and therefore an important possession to be exploited to promote himself and his business interests. If his newspaper came in the way of his other main interests, he would not hesitate to ditch the newspaper or change the editor and policy of his paper. In this mental make-up it is impossible to conceive of any intellectual comprehension of the noble and public role of the Press in a democracy.

In such a newspaper structure, the editors and other journalistic employees, well-paid, well-fed, and softened by affluence, cannot conceive of any other way of functioning than shrugging one's shoulders and conforming to the system, to which any concept of standing up for principles or idealism is entirely foreign. We however

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Deposits soared from Rs. 12 crores to Rs. 221 crores

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Advances: from Rs. 8 crores to Rs. 135 crores

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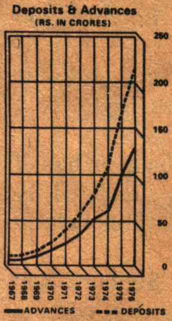
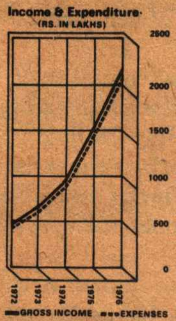
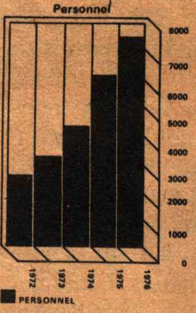
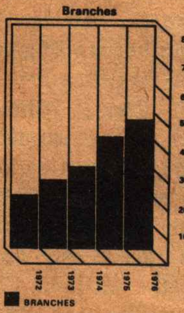
Branches multiplied from 87 to 466

In keeping with the nation's economic policy, the emphasis is on serving underbanked, unbanked and rural areas. In fact, from its very inception, Vijaya Bank has had a strong rural base. In 1976, 35% of the Bank's total branches were in rural areas.









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Employees grew from 919 to 7457

Training and development are major preoccupations. At the Bank's own Staff College, about 1900 employees from all levels were trained in business management in 1976.

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tend to rationalise this pragmatic philosophy by pleading that in such a structure it is impossible for an editor or a journalist to fight for a principle, as he is no more than a cog in the wheel of a larger machine. This theory has been exploded by George Verghese who took his duties as an editor seriously and was prepared to pay the price for it, and actually did.

It may however be claimed that the Verghese case is an exception that proves the rule, that it is not practicable for others to follow his example, and that, in any case, it would be wasteful and not take the cause very far, and that only where the proprietor is prepared to stand up and fight for freedom of the Press and cross swords with the Government, can an editor and his journalistic staff join the crusade with worthwhile results, as in the case of the *Indian Express* and the *Statesman.*

The enormous capital investment involved in the running of a modern daily newspaper is another vital factor of discouragement to any adventure that might put that costly property into jeopardy.

Another truth underscored by the Emergency was that it was the periodical journalism that really showed the courage of a journalist's convictions and fought the Government and faced persecution and penalisation cheerfully.

Romesh Thapar did not hesitate to close down his influential monthly *Seminar* when served with a pre-censorship order. It was a logical step, no question of hesitation about it. Nikhil Chakravarty fought to the end for his right to express his views through *Mainstream* and displayed admirable courage in carrying his fight right into the I & B Ministry. To the end, he never pulled his punches nor failed to call a spade a spade and Sanjay Gandhi a 'high-breed political spring chicken', when even the CPI dared not call that enfant terrible anything more than an *Extra Constitutional Authority.* Rakshat Puri's *Stir* faced the axe bravely and without a whimper. The veteran A.D. Gorwala of Bombay kept his flag flying until *Opinion* was forcibly closed down. Rajmohan Gandhi's *Himmat* showed a lot of grit. *Sadhna* of Bombay fought for its rights and suffered the consequences bravely. There were many other periodicals who fell in the battle for the freedom of the Press during those traumatic nineteen months, whose names have yet to be inscribed into the scroll of honour.

As for individual editors and journalists, L.K. Advani, Minister of Information and Broadcasting in the present Janata Government, in his suave style, divided them into three categories. The first was the very small band of those who paid the price for their journalistic courage or victims of the Government's sinister plot. Among them was Kuldip Nayar of the *Indian Express;* K.R. Malkani of the *Motherland,* Sundar Rajan and Vikram Rao of the *Times of India* and quite a few others in Delhi and in other parts of the country.

Of them, Malkani went through the full term of nineteen months and was released only on the lifting of the Emergency. Kuldip Nayar fought in the court of law with a habeas corpus petition and won it and made the Government look foolish in the bargain. Sundar Rajan, an assistant editor in the *Times of India,* was spied upon, and his office-room raided and contents rifled, and he was finally jailed, because he dared report the unpleasant truth about India under Emergency to the foreign Press. His original crime was that he organised a staff meeting in the *Times of India* group. The management conveyed to Sundar Rajan their strong disapproval of the protest meeting. Vikram Rao, the *Times of India* correspondent in Baroda, was implicated in the fabricated Baroda Dynamite Case and tortured and imprisoned for several months. The *Times of India* management was ungallant, in a hurry to get rid of his services, instead of suspending their own judgment on him until the Court's verdict on the case.

The second category formed a very large number, who were not made of the hero's stuff but indicated their disapproval of the goings-on in the country by keeping up a sullen silence and doing no more than carrying out their formal journalistic duties, where compelled to by circumstances. The third category was what Advani described as those who 'when expected to bend, crawled.' It is this large number of the third category, who not only crawled and cringed before the tyrant, but shamelessly got on to the Governmental band-wagon and joined the chorus in welcoming and praising the Sanjay phenomenon. And they saw no contradiction in their stance when they deviated from their duty, while simultaneously swearing their committment to constitutionalism and democratic norms.

The Delhi correspondent of the *Hindu* particularly distinguished himself as a quick-change artist, when he denounced Mrs Gandhi bell, book and candle, until the eve of the promulgation of the Emergency, and then immediately reversed gears and saw unmixed blessings in the Emergency and Mrs Gandhi's regime, and then, with the Congress Party's defeat, reversed again and found unmixed evil in Mrs Gandhi's Government!

Of course none of them ever dreamt that Mrs Gandhi might cease to be the Prime Minister shortly. They all had no doubt that her Government was there for keeps. The Congress had ruled the country for 30 years; they would be there for ever!

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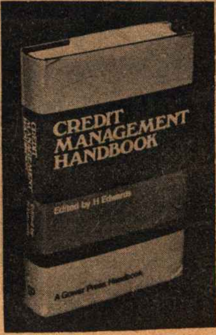

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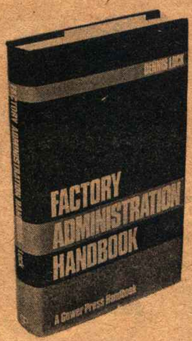

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It is essential that you complete this form. We need all this information to keep a record of our readers' interests and requirements.

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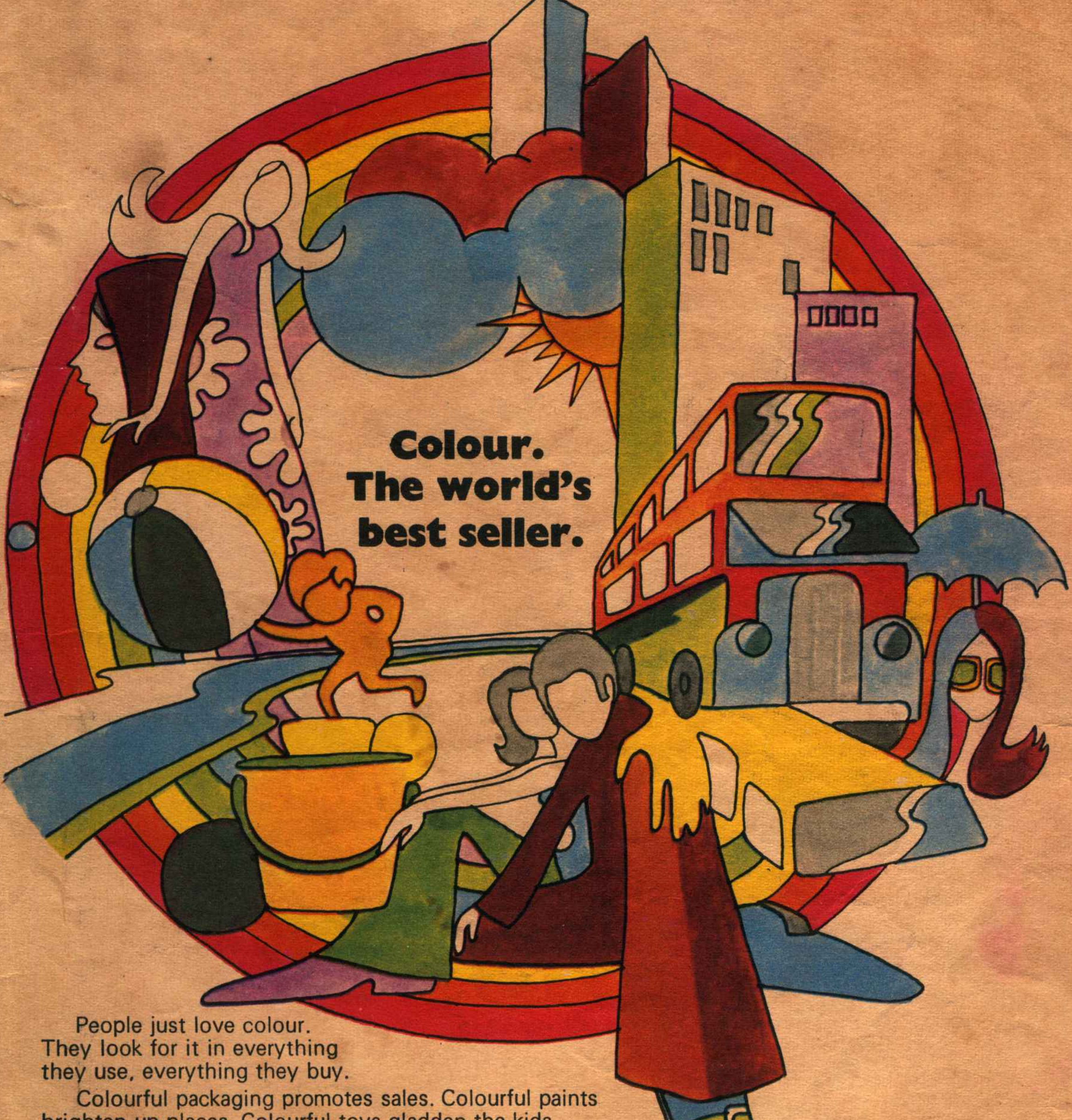

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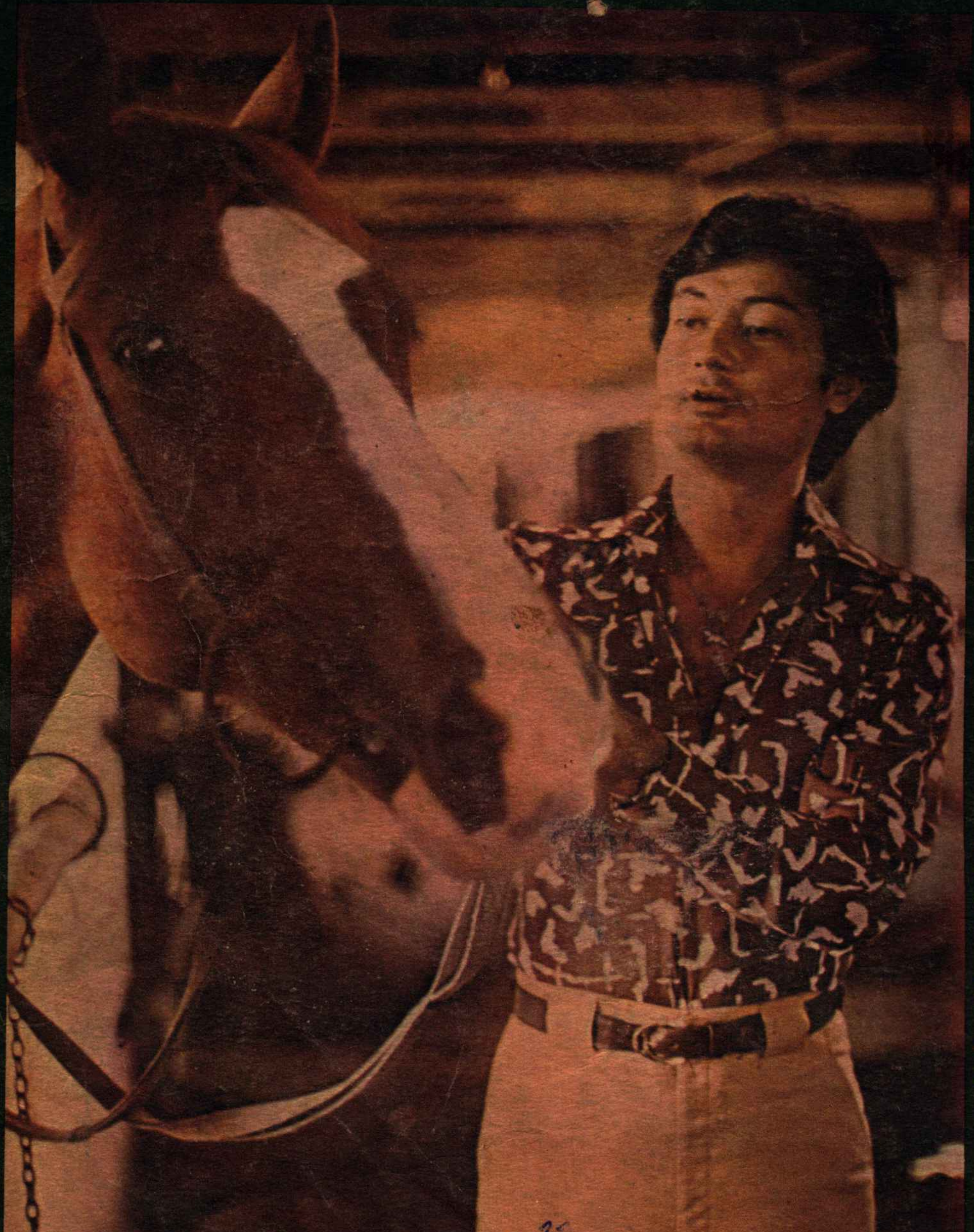

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